Tales From The Lockdown

One Man's Experiences Through One Of The Strangest Periods In Human History

Séamus Ó'Laoi

Viewsion Publishing

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BEWARE
OF
DANGER
SIGNS

Introduction

Why Did I Write This Book?

If you told me at the beginning of March 2020 that by the end of the month there would be a state-imposed virtual 2 kilometer long dog-leash around everyone's neck in order to mitigate the effects of a nasty flu, I would have labeled you as crazy and recommend that you go see a psychiatrist. Yet that's exactly what happened. Society had accepted complete suspension of daily life as a "new normal" and nobody seemed to be asking any questions. The population seemed to be in some kind of hypnotic trance reinforced by gaping at, and listening to, the constant bleating of electronic boxes sitting in corners of rooms, and the voracious consumption of messages printed on broad sheets of pulp. These were strange times indeed, and, now that it's supposedly over, rather than simply say *oh well, at least that's finished*- (which it isn't)- It seemed like a good idea to write down what happened during that time so that we can remind ourselves of what it was like. Perhaps the next time we might think twice before shutting down society because some stern-looking figures told us to.

What's In Tales From The Lockdown?

This book tells stories of real things that happened to me personally, or were reported in *the most reputable newspapers/ TV / radio/ social media* that Big Pharma can buy. Factcheckers will find the online appendix useful. The book also contains personal observations and commentary on the personalities involved in planning a swindle that made the 11th September 2001 Caper look like a piece of cake.

Who Should Read This Book?

You'd like this book if you:

- *Enjoy satire*

- *Enjoy real-life stories*

or-

- *Are curious*

Who Should Definitely Not Read This Book?

If you happen to revere ***any*** group, politician or celebrity and cannot bear to see them lampooned or criticised, then this book is not for you. If you're irritated by satire, or can't stand opinions that don't match your own I would also give it a miss. Be aware that there may be one or two naughty words which could offend those of a sensitive nature.

Thanks

Sincere thanks to Bill Gates, Klaus Schwab, Doc Fauci, The Donald, Brandon, Boris Johnson, Justin Trudeau, and King Charles The Turd for making this all possible. You are intensely uninteresting on a personal level, yet also fascinating in a grotesque sort of way. Thanks also to the Covid Cult Adherents™ without whose cooperation Lockdowns wouldn't have got off the ground. You are historically unique, and your surrender will not be forgotten. Thanks to my family and old friends, who confirmed my long-held suspicions.

Special thanks to Valentina who reviewed the book- also Tomas O'Riain / irishpeople.ie. Thanks to outstanding journalists who do what the dinosaur news media refuses to do: James Corbett of thecorbettreport.com. James Evan Pilato/ mediamonarchy.com; Louise Roseingrave, Gerry O'Neill/ West's Awake, Patrick E. Walsh/ Letters From Desolation Row, irelandexcessdeaths.com, Stephen Kerr/ Suzanne Delaney of irishinquiry.com, Aisling O'Loughlin, Cait, Ross Lahive, Prof. Dolores Cahill, Dr. Anne McCloskey, Tracey O'Mahony, Wade Beckett of noiz.co.za; Nikolai, Renata, Sonja. Michael Quirke/ Common Lee Gulls. John, Bruno, Vanessa, Donal, Colin, Roberta, Niamh, Tadg & Seán.

Thanks to protesters, vloggers, doctors & academics, mothers & fathers brave enough to stick their heads above the parapet.

Without your acts of bravery people would still be locked in their homes breathing in their own filth.

Seamus O’Laoi,
Northside, Cork, Ireland.
May 2025

Part 1: How It Began

It was during the chilly nights of November 2019 that a series of very strange events began to unfold- Events which would mark the beginning of what must be the strangest conflict ever fought; A deadly conflict which continues to this day- which does not involve bombs or bullets, but words and emotions, but is just as deadly. The build-up to this war was very subtle and it was planned long in advance by entities that are rarely ever mentioned. Hardly anyone has ever heard of "*Event 201*" which took place in New York in October 2019- "A high-

level pandemic exercise", table-top war game which described the outbreak of coronavirus- which, in a most extraordinary coincidence, happened just two months later. The first indications of something weird happening was a sharp increase in the number of emergency sirens heard blaring around my home city of Cork; A near-constant drone of ambulances, police cars and fire engines, which was like as if there was a war going on. On top of all this was the intermittent whine of World War II style air-raid sirens sounding off at random intervals- Sometimes in the early hours of the morning; Where were they located, and who was operating them? I have yet to find out.

By mid-March 2020 the Deadly Disease had officially been declared. Everyone on planet earth was advised to stay 2 metres apart from each other, wash their hands constantly, and avoid leaving home unless absolutely necessary; Media outlets stoked fear and panic in the people: Videos circulated showing Chinese people dropping suddenly, writhing in violent convulsions before being carted off in body bags by workers in protective space suits. Other videos showed lines of Italian military trucks carrying coffins to mass graves. It was impossible to check the veracity of these sources because all travel had been banned, and Big Pharma-controlled press weren't going to ask any hard questions lest their advertising revenues would be affected. The Covid19 Cult had sprung to life.

The Irish government provided many dramatic gestures to illustrate their commitment. By the 12th of March all passenger flights had been canceled; The Irish passport office suspended new applications for an unspecified period (as I discovered when I tried to renew mine). On the 20th of March the naval vessel LE Eithne was deployed to Albert Quay on Cork city's docks- intended as an emergency hospital to facilitate the impending overflow of patients from hospitals- The dead and dying bodies that had been promised never materialised, which irritated Covid Cult Adherents no end. The recently rebuilt Gaelic stadium in the city had been reconstituted into a Covid testing centre/ morgue, complete with crowd-control barriers and flashing signs sprawled around the surrounding avenues; but the place was ghostly quiet when I went down there at four in the morning to inquire why a security alarm had been blaring for half the night.

The Clockwork Bankers

All wars are bankers wars- as the old saying goes; And the *Great Emergency* escapade was ultimate warmageddon. Banks lined their pockets by printing money like it was going out of fashion. This was ostensibly to provide "support" for poor struggling multinational firms who were forced to roll back or suspend operations. Central Banks- the only entities legally permitted to create new money- are dominated by *One Bank To Rule Them All- The World's Greatest Central Bank*, which is located in that rarified

mountainous region high in the Alps that we know as Switzerland; A place where great portions of the world's wealth are stored within some of the most sophisticated and secure vaults on planet earth; Whether it be in the form of gold, diamonds or ornate pieces of paper, the riches of the world's greatest criminals are kept well beyond the reach of their victims. It is also interesting to note that Switzerland is unique amongst European nations in that its highly educated populace is armed to the teeth with some of the finest weaponry that precision watchmakers can produce. It seems only natural then, that Die Schweiz should play host to the Bank Of International Settlements (BIS); Described as "*The Central Bank Of Central Banks*", it is said that Nazi loot from the good old days still occupies their vaults.

Central Banking, the ultimate dream of every despot ever born, is built upon a system of credit that must keep expanding to survive; Metastasising and ballooning until it inevitably bursts. Every time. Central Bankers are retiring creatures, eschewing

public attention- Much like vampires, they cannot stand daylight, preferring to communicate with an elite audience rather than appear in public lest they might burst into flames. The BIS headquarters in Basel was designed by “architect” Martin Burckhardt in 1972; A remarkable edifice, it could be described as a tall, squidgy brown tower that’s about as pleasing to the eye as it's General Manager- Agustin Carstens.

The BIS runs an extremely tight ship- being careful to ensure that all operations run as smoothly as possible without unnecessary interruptions. That’s why, under a unique agreement with the Swiss government, BIS staff cannot be searched by police- They are not even permitted to enter their buildings- *unless expressly permitted* by Mr. Carstens himself. Effectively then, the Bank Of International Settlements is a country all of it’s own with full diplomatic immunity and without a silly justice system to worry about. Big Banking and Big Pharma are a match made in heaven. Massive credit lines are required to carry out the business of developing, manufacturing and distributing

new Potions; Big Banking provides all the credit they could ever need. There is nothing more attractive to a Banker than easy money, and how much easier can you get than legally mandated and legally indemnified customers? With a client as big, powerful, and immune from prosecution as Big Pharma, who needs to bother with silly old clients?

Never Mind The Nazis. Here's The WEF.

From Banking and Pharma, we turn our attention to the Megacorporations; Those entities owned and controlled by the elite, and who congregate at exclusive retreats such as Bilderberg, Bohemian Grove, Davos, and many others. Davos has played host to World Economic Forum's annual orgy over the past 50+ years and the WEF has managed to become the de facto mouthpiece for the elite; They have insanely ambitious plans which to the casual observer might sound very much like taking over the planet. Their founder and chairman Klaus Schwab publicly boasted that he has "penetrated ze cabinets" of the world's governments to install puppet administrations. In Ireland's case, he boasted about putting a posh gay doctor in charge, going by the name of Leo Varadkar. Leo is half Indian, half Irish, and all Globalist. When it came time to announce the arrival of The Great Emergency to the people of Ireland, the

pronouncement could not have been delivered by a more unlikely chap.

For the previous fifty years leading up to the Great Emergency, Ireland had been slowly transformed from a Holy Mary society into what today could be described as a Whore Of Babylon society. This was achieved by pumping people's heads full of meaningless crap via a controlled and compromised media, while purchasing the public's fealty through fake "wealth" that they don't own but rent, via a pernicious concept known as *easy credit which is backed by precisely nothing*. By signing up to this Faustian Bargain, the Irish priced their own descendants out of the housing market; But they were just following a trend that was occurring all around the Western world. Another angle of attack that was perpetrated against the Gael was a kind of spiritual dismemberment; The Irish public, for quite some years, had been traumatised by clerical child-abuse scandals which rocked their faith in God and their beloved church. Catholic mass attendance cratered and marriage became a much more casual affair- Nice but not so necessary for having

children. The Irish public didn't know what had hit them; They were too busy paying ever-increasing taxes and servicing their ballooning mortgages to worry about their private lives; International Finance owned the roofs over their heads, forced boths mums and dads into modern-day slavery, whilst the Revenue Commissioners in Dublin Castle, rubbing their hands with glee, confiscated most of the remaining "disposable" wealth. If that wasn't sufficiently entertaining, the next fun phase of transformation that was about to be unleashed would be on an exponentially grander scale.

And so, The Spectacle To Beat All Spectacles commenced: *Ladies & Gentlemen! Announcing The World's Greatest Emergency*™. Varadkar got straight down to business. This WEF-installed pretend-"Taoiseach"™ *(Gaelic for Chieftain),* in an attempt to allay any public fears that he might indefinitely suspend all normal human activity, tweeted in very plain language (*the original of which has been mysteriously wiped from the internet*) the immortal words:

*"It's not our intention to turn Ireland into a police state."**
(Translation: “It's our intention to turn Ireland into a police state.”)

Achtung!

The World had been told that it was in danger of contracting The Most Deadly & Horrific Disease Ever™. This most dastardly virus, we were assured, could mutate at any moment to wreak new and improved levels of death and destruction; But, there was one little fly in the ointment for the Irish junta; A disturbance in the force so to speak; There existed a small but noisy cohort of defiant, awkward and extraordinarily irritating dissidents who rejected the Covid Narrative™ being pushed 24-7 in the media. The

establishment had a position that was robustly defended by the courts, the police, the army, the media, school administrators, and wildly enthusiastic business owners who were paid handsomely to shut down their businesses temporarily, and were thereby pocketing considerable sums of cash for their trouble. One particular owner- That of The Silver Key Bar in Ballinlough, Cork- was caught on camera celebrating his new-found Free-Money Fountain™, but was later savaged on social media for showing such contempt for his customers and staff. Corporate puppet masters channeled waves of propaganda through the media; Conversations online were monitored and controlled by armies of censors tasked with eliminating dissent; Politicalirish.com- The only reasonable free-speech online platform that I knew of, after a long and protracted battle with the Forces Of Darkness, was eventually nuked off the internet, but has now been replaced by controlled opposition.) Government-linked corporate interests salivated at the prospect of unprecedented revenue windfalls from the newly minted Lockdown Economy that

supplied heaps of face nappies, pointless test kits, cellophane gloves, hand-sanitiser, stickers, signs, barriers; Add to this a huge proportion of the ordinary public who were only thrilled to join Team Lockdown™. These people were only thrilled to suppress all normal human activity for the pleasure of a little pat on the head. Anything that resembled healthy human activity was now verboten: Going outside, exercising, breathing fresh air, meeting friends or family, or playing sports (unless you were professional of course- The Megacorporations could not be allowed to lose out.) These control measures were all "temporary"- Mere trifling inconveniences that would soon come to an end, followed by a full resumption to "normality". Proclamations, warnings, and threats of fines or imprisonment were issued to deter people from committing new, vaguely-defined crimes; Rapid-fire statutes ("laws" so poorly constructed that they might as well have been written in crayon) were administered by a courts system and its enforcers who, it seems, had little to no idea of their exact purpose, how they were supposed to

function or even whether they had any basis in law. The citizen army enforcers were prepared to mock, shame, scream at, or even physically turn on family members, friends and random strangers in return for the warm fuzzy feeling of appreciation from the collective mob. It turns out, four years later, that whilst there were in fact no excess deaths in Ireland during 2020, numbers have exploded up to nearly 20% since 2021 according to irelandexcessdeaths.com.

Catchy New Phrases

The opening salvo in this new war was a single message broadcast in unison everywhere around the world; it simply said: "***Flatten the curve.***" which meant: Let's keep hospital admissions low by locking ourselves indoors in preparaton for a much-hyped mass-death event, which, as Varadkar promised, could possibly kill "***85,000 people***" in Ireland; A really big number that someone thought sounded cool. It turned out that Irish excess deaths in 2020 totalled ***1,522 people*** so Varadkar was only out by **98.2%**, which, to be fair, is pretty good for a

politician. In March 2020 the New York Times extolled the virtues of remaining under house-arrest with the words: "***Being together while staying apart***" a logic-extinguishing phrase whose purpose was to encourage the elderly to remain terrified, stay at home and avoid all human contact.

> The words "***Stay Safe***" appeared on the top-left corner of all TV screens; A message that, behind it's obvious meaning, implied a subtle threat: *Follow our instructions or we'll ensure bad things happen to you.*
> The world became obsessed with the number of Covid "***cases***" being reported in the media, but in reality no-one understood exactly what that meant. As we will read later, so-called "cases" meant precisely nothing.

The common perception of the words "***negative***" and "***positive***" were reversed; A "positive" test result was now considered a negative outcome and vice-versa.
Klaus Schwab had decided that his "***New Normal***" idea of isolating humanity to avoid anyone encountering potential biohazards

was superior to leaving the job up to the human immune system- That beautifully constructed virus killing machine which has evolved these past 250,000+ years under the most harrowing conditions that nature could throw at it; So, rather than asking Klaus WTF he was on about, everyone just shrugged their shoulders and said "*Mmmm.. OK. Sounds cool.*"

"***Build Back Better***" was an irritating phrase repeated ad nauseam by those empty husks devoid of humanity we call "politicians". It referred to the idea of constructing a Post-Great Emergency Nightmare World where everyone will *own nothing and be happy*.

"***Super-spreader event***" means any gathering of people who haven't strapped nappies to their faces and are positioned too close to each other.

"***Safe & Effective***™" refers to the presumed efficacy of a novel experimental treatment. Translated from Orwellian, the phrase means: "*Dangerous & Ineffective*"; The Magic

Potion started out being 90% effective, then it was 60 then 30 until it finally dropped to zero.

"***The Science***™" was any idea or claim that the establishment wanted to push. If you disagreed with or questioned "**The Science™**" it was de facto proof that you were an idiot whose opinions could be safely ignored. The phrase was designed to convince the public that a certain elite group of Oracles had special insights into the nature of reality. "***The Experts***" as they were called, comprised of the WHO's Grand Lodge, plus- in the US- Tony "The Goblin" Fauci. In Ireland we were "advised" by Lucky Luke, Tony "Dead Eyes" Holohan, Stephen "Egghead" Donnelly and the rest of the highly-paid messenger boys and girls in the government

"***Contact Tracing***" was a process whereby upon entering a public establishment you would, without any precautions whatsoever, provide your real actual name and contact details to a random

> waiter who would write them down. This was all done so that an agent might later notify you that you had wandered into the airspace of someone who reported coughing or sneezing. Furthermore, you and those around you were now in danger of Imminent Death™, and, to prevent further spread, should immediately lock yourselves indoors for at least two weeks.

It is difficult to imagine a more bone-chilling phrase than the term "***Social Distancing***", which, translated from Orwellian means "*Solitary Isolation*". This concept was reinforced so hard into people's minds that it would make the CIA blush. It's perhaps understandable that Klaus Schwab might not get that people have an existential requirement for social interaction; After all he himself is about as interesting as dried porridge and therefore most likely prefers not to interact with living entities of any kind; But Granny isn't Klaus Schwab.

Stack ‘em Up, Pile ‘em High

By the end of March 2020 the Irish government was under severe pressure from their Gang Leaders, and they needed to demonstrate their loyalty and commitment to the cause by kicking the Great Emergency into a higher gear; but one vital ingredient was missing: *Dead bodies*; Where could they get them? The answer was simple: *Elderly care homes*. Their evil plan was to leave the sick elderly untreated, unquarantined, and isolated in virtual prison during the flu season. If necessary, pump them with Midazolam™ and put them on a ventilator,

and- *hey presto*- you could fill more body bags than you knew what to do with. The ironically-titled *Health Service Executive*™ achieved an outstanding excess death rate of 45.5% for the month of April 2020, which prompted Dr. Marcus de Brun- One of the governments top health experts to quit the Medical Council. He had naively been working under the impression that his job was to save lives.

Don’t Mention The War

The Middlebury Institute of International Studies refers to the term “**New World Order**” as a “dangerous modern conspiracy theory”, that it is “anti-semitic” in nature, which quite ironically, adds to the suspicion that it may just be a valid concept worthy of our attention. The term itself, of course, refers to the idea that there exist powerful groups who, for whatever reason, feel the need to take over the world without asking for our permission. These groups may act in concert for the purpose of achieving such a goal, but they are by no means “on the same team”, and are just as likely to rip each other to pieces as they are you or me.

The Victim Industrial Complex

The New World Order has no shortage of ideas when it comes to inventing new crises, but the think-tanks they employ seem to struggle when it comes to guessing what's really going to catch on; Since their outstandingly successful Great Emergency Takedown, the Elitists have tried many reboots: Monkey Pox; Bird Flu; even an Alien invasion; but none of them stuck. The public tires easily and needs something new and exciting to engage the senses. By the time the Great Emergency had run it's course, the Ukraine War scam was all ready to roll (pardon the pun). Putin, like the faithful Zionist sockpuppet he is, invaded on cue; Here was a new pantomime for all the family to enjoy, complete with an irrepressible hero fighting a dastardly evil villain. In the previous Emergency, Big Pharma had done it's share of murder and mayhem; It had bagged it's war-booty, but now it was time for the Weapons Manufacturers to shine. The media talked up war as some glorious endeavour to save the people of Ukraine, and by extension, that paragon of virtue I like to call The European Onion. They extolled the virtues of sending

bombs to Ukraine- Making it sound like they're donating humanitarian aid parcels. As the new NWO project progressed, the public were given time to settle in, before the next terror-phase began. Yet another Cassus Belli was initiated in the Middle East, when in October '23, the Israeli-created terrorist organisation Hamas made an incursion into Israel, chopped some heads off and took hostages; Thus giving Israel everything they wanted- A pretext to annihilate Gaza.

Next up: Iran.

Part 2: The Characters

Lucky Luke

Luke O'Neill, professor of biochemistry at Trinity College Dublin was anointed Ireland's High Priest Of Science during the Great Emergency. The Gospel According To Saint Luke reflected the inner workings of the Mind Of God- at least as far as Middle Ireland was concerned- Messages of Salvation Through Vaccination were broadcast daily on TV, radio and the newspapers. Luke took to his modern-day evangelic-preacher role with gusto, meticulously crafting a TV persona- a sort of creepy-eccentric-genius-uncle-type eager to dazzle us with his knowledge of The Dark Arts Of Science™. In an effort to bolster his public profile, he indulged in several tacky publicity stunts, like when he appeared on RTÉ's Claire Byrne show inside a zorb-ball- a clear plastic bubble designed to shield the occupant from danger; which, incidentally, was an interesting metaphor for the ubiquitous Stay In Your Bubble message being broadcast ad nauseam. The ever-industrious professor capitalised on his new-found fame by writing a couple of books, the first of which was very aptly titled: "*Never mind the bollocks, Here's The Science*™", which perfectly reflected the arrogance of the Covid Cult Adherents; But try as he might to ingratiate himself with his TV audience, it was clear that Luke wasn't a natural in front of the camera; his giant frame stooping over awkwardly in an effort to fit inside the TV screen. But behind his mask of joviality and devil-may-care attitude there lay a darker side to the professor, whose patronising disdain for the common folk bubbled just

below the surface. His patronising words and demeanour could not disguise his contempt for ordinary people, whom he considered scientifically illiterate morons who were just as well off dead as alive, and who needed to just shut up and take what was coming to them.

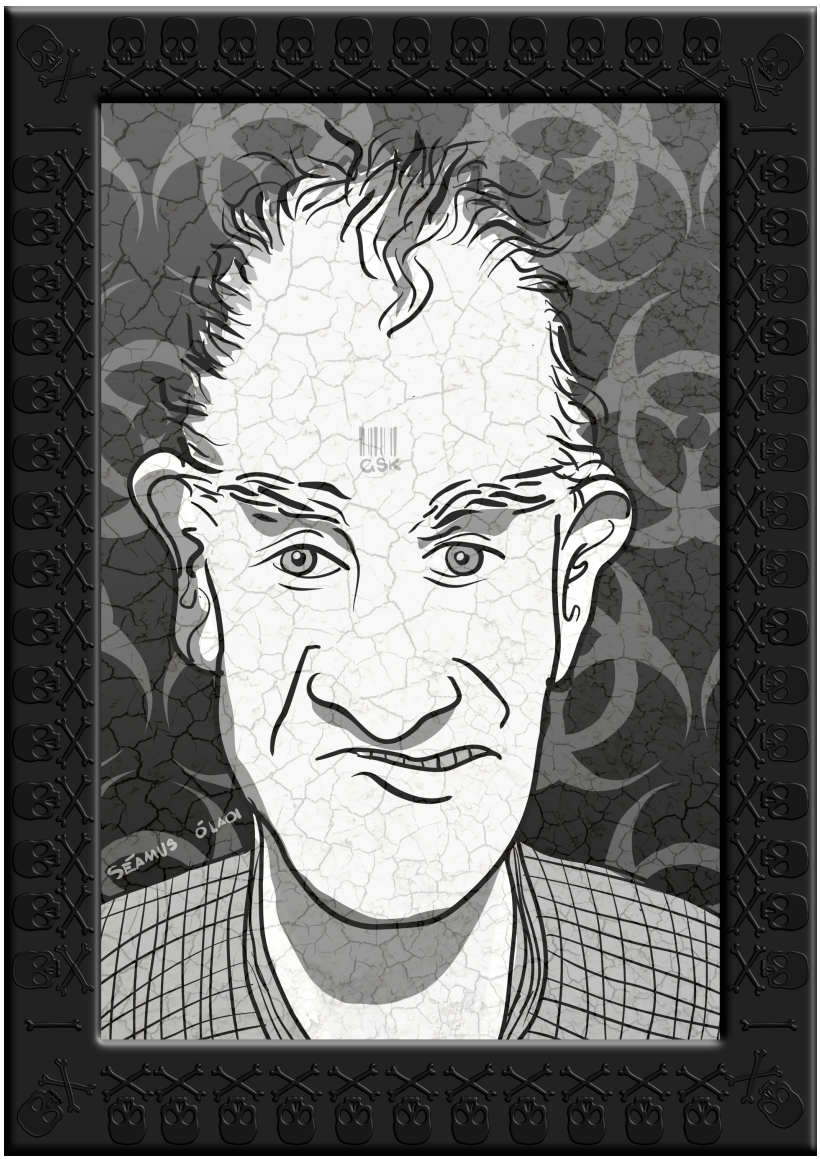
One fateful day in 2021 on a Dublin street, the professor had the pleasure of bumping into independent journalist Stephen Kerr of the Irish Enquiry who asked him: "*Should manufacturers be held liable for the effects of their vaccines?*" to which Lucky responded:

"I don't know."

- (*Thus demonstrating one of the many reasons why taking a vaccine nowadays is such an extraordinarily bad idea. Shielding Big Pharma from lawsuits was a strategy first adopted by US President Ronald Reagan in 1986 when he signed in the "National Childhood Vaccine Injury Act", thus opening Pandora's Box.*)

Luke was also there when a panel of Esteemed Luminaries made a presentation at Trinity in June 2022- amongst whom was Colm O'Gorman of Amnesty International

Ireland. (*Has Amnesty International changed their remit from opposing human rights abuses to fronting for Big Pharma?*) During the event's proceedings they were rudely interrupted by an audience member who had the temerity to accuse them of being mass murderers, thereby putting quite a dampener on what had heretofore been a very pleasant occasion. As they sat smiling through gritted teeth, they wondered who was responsible for letting this lunatic into the building. Embarrassing though it was, O'Neill never needed to worry about his lofty tenure, protected as it is by so many powerful institutions, including Trinity College Dublin; The Royal Dublin Society; the Royal Irish Academy; the University of Bath; UMass Chan Medical School; the Rockefeller-controlled Wellcome Trust and the redoubtable GlaxoSmithKline Gang. O'Neill boasts a lengthy list of awards and accolades from a multitude of lofty institutions, which is always a bad sign.


SÉAMUS Ó LAOI

Creepy Uncle Tubs

Ryan Tubridy, or "Tubs" as he became affectionately known to the good people of Middle Ireland, was another well-placed Agent Of The Establishment; An anchorman, or more precisely, *the* anchorman for the Irish national state broadcaster RTÉ; He wasn't pretty but what he lacked in visual appeal he more than made up for with charm and inoffensiveness. He was the teddybear that the Irish populace would caress at bedtime to soothe themselves to sleep; Grown infants who needed to know that everything was well with the world- As

far as they were concerned, if Tubs was happy then everyone was happy. A silver-tongued devil, the Tubmeister beguiled the Irish media-addicted public into following him to the edge of darkness; In a TV/ radio career spanning 20 years, he very carefully crafted a nice guy persona with an ability to look vulnerable and sincere; He was a master of his craft, that everyone loved. (I confess that I even thought he wasn't too awful for a while.) He wasn't just a mouthpiece of the establishment; He was a powerful rhetorician who could play the pied piper to Middle Ireland. If the government- or more accurately, their paymasters- wanted to bring about a change in Irish society, here was their man; An emotional manipulator who could turn the most rabid traditionalist into a supporter of hedonistic nihilism; His job was to steer the public attitude little by little towards the Establishment's chosen direction. The Late Late Show's unrivalled cultural influence had been decades in the making, started as it was by the exceptionally gifted Gay Byrne in 1962; So successful was it that it maintained a huge following right up to the Great

Emergency- A full 11 years after Tubridy had taken it over. He had been making all the right moves- Love-bombing his audience, and constantly reinforcing his cuddly-toy image. Middle Ireland had been so truly mesmerised, that nothing short of a live human sacrifice on TV could break the spell- Or maybe I'm being a bit naïve- Anyway, the Tubmeister had always hosted the right kinds of people on his show, and when it came time for the Great Emergency, who better to introduce than the affable and wildly enthusiastic professor Luke O'Neill who bounded onto the screen to announce the arrival of Pfizer's Magic Potion.

The Irish public who had been holding their collective breath for nearly 9 months treated themselves to a massive sigh of relief. *Thank God*- they thought- *We're all saved*. "Big news and I'm beside myself with excitement" exclaimed the professor like he's just had a hit of morphine. "Is it real excitement?" Tubs asked the professor with an effort at expressing hope and earnestness that a five year old would call bullshit. "If I give you the vaccine" says the professor

"you're almost completely protected against the virus." Of course, O'Neill was careful to use the word “almost”. He was also aware of the importance of maintaining tension and suspense; After all, he was holding his audience in the palm of his hand, and you could tell he relished it. "This is a press release" he said. "We haven't seen the date [for public release] yet." The Magic Potion, he informed us, is a new MRNA technology now approved for human use. [failing to mention it's for emergency use only.] Tubridy then puts on his best skeptic face to query the professor about side effects. He admitted that minor symptoms may occur but that there’s nothing to really worry about. (*Maybe he’s referring to Big Pharma who certainly had nothing to worry about.*) Tubs might as well have been massaging the professor’s back with essential oils for all the opposition he was presenting. The conversation continued on, barely missing a beat. O'Neill mentioned in passing that the safety tests [for the greatest medical experiment in human history] will last *all of a week*: "My contact in Pfizer said to me... [its] looking safe.... If it ticks that box and

it's efficacious, we're off and running." Pfizer must surely have had several boat loads of Comirnaty (the vax) ready to go by the time of O'Neill's announcement- Otherwise, how could they meet demand? If there was anyone in Pfizer point silly enough to admit there was a safety problem with the Magic Potion, it mightn't have worked out too well for them, if you know what mean. It was interesting how Pfizer got this “free” plug on Telly Tub’s show; It was the first of many times they were to be gifted by the taxpayers of Ireland.

Tubs who saw Lockdowns as a marvellous idea, showed his commitment to the cause in a mind-warping five minute television segment aired on 27th November 2020- the day that his puppetmasters had decided to flex their muscles on TV; They couldn’t have chosen a more perfect occasion in which to do so- The Late Late Toy Show happened to be watched annually by *just about every child in the country*- And by extension most parents too. Uncle Tubs, being the all-singing-all-dancing-clown-for-hire was dressed up in a thoroughly emasculating reindeer-esque outfit for the

occasion- replete with tiny ears and a fawn-coloured velvet suit. He brought on a sweet little red-haired cailin, the ironically-named Saoirse (Gaelic for "*freedom*"). Saoirse was there to explain the Rules Of Lockdown to the Irish public, using a teddy bear to demonstrate what would happen to any child who didn't take their medicine. She struck him on the head with her toy hammer then put him in a little plastic cage for "quarantine purposes". Saoirse had been drilled better than a Hitler Youth, repeating Pfizer's well-rehearsed script which included technical terms that a ten year old couldn't possibly get, and that no adult would possibly remember without extensive preparation. Tubridy did his best to feign surprise and incredulity at her monologue, jokingly chiding her for knowing too much. He also feigned disgust at the thought of a ten year old having this kind of knowledge. The enthralled Irish public lapped it up, and Pfizer got the best free advertising that money couldn't buy on the most valuable three hour slot in Irish broadcasting. *Obviously*, Tubs did this all without *any* remuneration from Pfizer, as he attested when questioned at Dáil hearing in 2023. He just felt the need to help out the

multi-billion-dollar corporation out of the goodness of his heart. Once again the Irish people had been psychologically raped; They clapped, smiled and cheered, carrying on like nothing had just happened. After all, one daren't criticise The Reverend Ryan.

Tubs' Aftermath

Goddess Fortuna had been smiling upon the Tubs for many years, until all of a sudden, in 2023, she frowned. The Tubmeister had been handsomely paid for his services to RTÉ, with a salary of half a million of Frankfurt's Finest Funny Money between the years 2016 and 2023. To the utter amazement of all concerned, it was discovered that payments totalling €345,000 had remained undeclared. This was in contravention of rules that had always been there but, for some mysterious reason, weren't enforced until now. Another €300K scandal also later emerged. It seemed as if his puppetmaster had finally decided to remove his hand from Tubs' arse, and just like that, Ireland's greatest snake oil salesman vanished in a puff of the finest cigar smoke; cast aside like a spent balloon. Ryan went to seek his fortunes in England where he now spreads his sincere messages of love and harmony on Virgin Radio with occasional trips back to Ireland to see if anyone still loves him. There was talk for a time about him doing a bid for the Irish presidency, but he couldn't possibly fill the shoes of Michael D. Higgins, that angry little squeaky-voiced Trotskyite elf who currently resides at Aras an Uachtaran- The Masonic White House in the middle of the Phoenix Park next to Wellington's Penis Memorial, and An Garda Siochána (Irish police) HQ which is just adjacent to Ireland's most popular gay

prostitute pick-up spot.

Dour Doctor Doom

Big Pharma can come up with all kinds of new experimental Potions, but without the right people to flog them, they're not going to get too far. What they require are men and women of negotiable integrity to cajole and convince the public to cast away doubt and roll up their sleeves. In the US, Doc Fauci was their champion; A man who is so comfortable with lying that he doesn't even notice when he's doing it. The Irish had their own equivalent by the name of Tony "Dead Shark Eyes" Holohan; A man of imposing physical presence, who stuns prey using an intimidating stare. With Big Pharma effectively running the Irish government, they anointed Tony as Ireland's Chief Medical Henchman (CMH) in 2009. Holohan was the right man at the right time, convincing the Irish to take the "Pandemrix" Potion to ward off the The Swine Flu Curse. As far as Holohan was concerned, this stuff was safer than mother's milk; his exact words to the public (as quoted in the Irish Times) being:

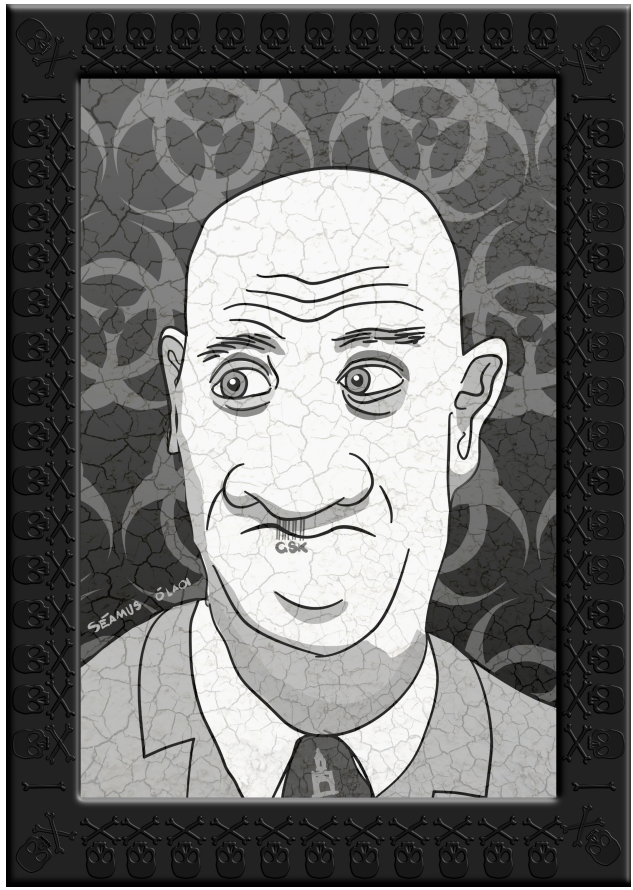
> ***"We have no hesitation in recommending it."***
> *- Dr. Tony Holohan*

This, despite the fact that German and American public health bodies wouldn't touch it with a barge pole. Not to worry though; Pandemrix was good enough for the Irish who, having succumbed to Tony's charms, duly got injured and sued the state, while glaxo who were protected by their indemnity deal didn't lose a wink of sleep. When the time came to run the Great Emergency Of 2020, Big Pharma knew they had a safe pair of hands. Holohan, like his accomplice Lucky Luke, was revered for his stout defense of The Irish People against the ravages of the Dreadful Disease™; This he accomplished in a most heroic fashion, coping with terrible guilt from having ruined the lives of at least 80 children in 2009, and mortally endangering the lives of 206 cervical cancer patients in 2011, some of whom died.

Following on from his marathon killing spree as CMO, the plucky Doctor Doom was able to secure a €257,000 salary as director of Centre One Health, and professorship at the School of Medicine in TCD. Tony has capitalised on the extraordinary luck that life has thrown at him; augmenting his income through book sales on the back of his new-found victim credentials; His tear-jerker autobiography entitled:

"We need to talk"

is a fantastically ironic title choice, seeing how Doc Doom isn't one for talking, especially when it involves answering awkward questions, as the incredibly persistent Jemima Burke found out in 2020; She asked him about the ill-treatment of patients during the Great Emergency, which resulted in the much-publicised death of Sally Maaz. The embattled Doctor Doom, reeling from this savage attack, was rescued from his assailant by the ever-vigilant handlers who, much to Tony's relief, turned off her microphone.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SEAMUS BLACK

Presenting Warp-Speed-Zio-Man: Donald Trump

There are few characters in the Pantheon Of Celebrities who draw as much unbridled emotion from both fans and detractors alike as Donald J Trump. Whether one suffers from Trump Addiction Syndrome or the Derangement equivalent, it doesn't matter, because it's all part of the same Punch & Judy show, run by the same people; And it delivers exactly what it promises: Division and outrage. Trump plays to two different audiences. To one side he's a kind of punchbag-clown just like George W Bush, Joe Biden, or Boris Johnson were, but to his supporters he plays a straight-shootin-tough-guy. On his *Winkipedia* page you'll find an impressive list of business failures amounting to multi-billion dollar losses- which is delightful reading for any Derangement fanatic. Trump was the Resident Of The White House when the Great Emergency kicked off, and played the part of the sceptic- criticising lockdowns, social

distancing, masks and other precautions; Make America Great Again™ supporters loved him for this, but then he eventually wobbled. Having maintained his status as "Champion Of The People" until 11th July 2020, he finally “gave in” and donned the facemask in public. His “opposition” to the Great Emergency narrative would continue to crumble right until the end of his presidency. Team Blue supporters who love being told what to do were naturally much happier with Trump version 2.0; Elites were ecstatic because divisions between Red and Blue were now deeper than ever.

In the months before he left office, Trump announced his new "Warp-Speed" initiative to create and test a new vaccine for the Deadly Disease, describing it as "incredible", and "like nothing you've ever seen."- terms he likes to use a lot. For the first time in history, he told us, a vaccine was to be developed, tried, tested, and released in just one year instead of the usual ten; but there was one problem: It was impossible to deliver a vaccine in such a timeframe- Never mind test the deployment of an entirely new MRNA concept; But if reality wasn't going to permit the outcome they desired, then reality needed fixing; The only way to do this was with the Magic Words: "Safe and Effective™".

Problem solved.

Netanyahu Pfixes Everything

Israeli president Benny Netan Yahoo was on a mission to pump double-doses of Magic Potion into the veins of every man, woman and child in Israel, and he wasn't going to let anyone get in his way; To that end, he badgered Pfizer CEO Albert Bourla for exclusive access to his Elixir Of Life. Ben and Bert signed a deal that would turn Israel into "a sort of [Potion] laboratory"- as Dormitzer- One of Benny's henchmen- called it- That is, before he got roasted online for

expressing sentiments that would have made Heinrich Himmler blush. While Pfizer is ostensibly a US-based company, its German-Jewish roots cannot be denied; The company was co-founded by German Jew Charles Pfizer in 1848, and CEO Bourla received the Genesis Prize in 2022 for being so incredibly Jewish. It's not surprising to find that the Potion rollout in the United States was championed by *True Friend Of Israel- Donald J. Trump*, who understands that there are few better ways to show devotion to the Small Hat Elite than to hard-sell their Magic Potion, and who cares about ordinary Jews-right? Let them have Potion. The small-moustached man from '30s Germany would have approved.

Tony “Ouchy” Fauci

Anthony Fauci shot to fame during Holocaust 2.0 when he was acting as chief medical officer to president Trump; Just like Doctor Doom, Fauci's defensive skills are truly remarkable; Hostile questions elicit a two pronged attack: The first involves scolding his opponent like a bold child, while the second involves positioning himself as the victim of a vicious assault on his character. Fauci, whose wife advised the government which medical treatments are "ethical" to use, himself decides what vaccines they should buy; He also happens to be in the business of developing vaccines; and so, for those of us not yet stricken down by a Vaxx-induced brain injury, we can clearly see this is a massive conflict of interest.

Fauci was born and raised in Brooklyn, New York City, which is a great place to cultivate a thick skin. Educated by the Jesuits in Upper East Side Manhattan, he was groomed for a high-flying career, which he duly pursued. Having graduated in medicine from Cornell, he has served in multiple high-level advisory positions in US presidential administrations and has been showered with highly coveted pats-on-the-head, otherwise known as “accolades”- 42 and counting: Doctorates, honorary doctorates, medals, a golden plate, and even an Italian

knighthood. Looking through the list, it would seem there are no awards for skullduggery, otherwise, the list would be several pages long. For example, our good friend Inexplicably reversed basic long-established medical advice, covered up vital public health information, and has served commercial interests ahead of his public responsibilities.

Just like Trump, Fauci seems to have a hard time making up his mind. First he said that natural immunity was the best vaccine of all, and then he changed his mind when the Magic Potion became available. Again, he said wearing face masks was a bad idea, then, some time later it became a good idea; And not only that, at some point he advised everyone to wear two; He told Americans that the US Centre for Disease Control had made the decision for children to wear masks, despite the fact that they provided zero medical advantage- At least, that is, according to dozens of medical studies, and not counting the physical and psychological damage inflicted; But never mind: *Details-schmetails*. Fauci handed off responsibility for this decision entirely to the CDC, because he didn't want to hold that particular baby. During the early phases of the Magic Potion rollout the vaccinated were, according to Fauci, at "*extremely low risk*" of getting

infected. Later on he said *durability of protection [was] limited*. Eventually he admitted that the effectiveness of the Potion didn't "[didn't] *have a high effect*", whatever that means. It would seem that the discipline of science, or at least whatever branch of "science" Fauci is following, has evolved from being extremely precise to extraordinarily vague and unreliable. This would fit the definition of "unscientific", but let's not quibble about such trifles.

Trump & Fauci formed a kind of comedy duo; The Brooklyn Brothers provided laughs a-plenty; trash-talking each other in public and giving the impression that neither knew what the other was up to. Trump signalled early on that he was unhappy with his chief medical officer, saying he'd "inherited" him from a previous administration. You'd imagine he'd fire the guy if he was crap, but *for some odd reason* that never happened. Ever the loyal frontman, Fauci took a lot of heat under intense pressure. Rand Paul, a formidable firebrand US Senator and doctor from Kentucky locked horns with him in a number of hearings about the Potion. Rand

questioned his commercial interests and whether he had been creating new and improved versions of the Deadly Disease, *which, because it amounts to assault and murder, happens to be sort of unlawful*; Fauci claimed this wasn't a problem *because "they" had changed the definition of "Gain Of Function."* (Which is the process of making fun new diseases from a boring one.) It was like telling you that your dead mum isn't dead because the definition of "dead" has been changed. There are two theories about where the Deadly Disease came from: Either a diseased bat or a research lab, both in Wuhan, China- *you know, that country whose government picks the W.H.O. chief.*

Bill Opens The Gates Of Hell

Most of us are born with an innate desire to be loved, and to connect with our fellow man, creating bonds that are mutually beneficial and life-enhancing. Bill Gates the Tech billionaire-turned-saviour-of-humanity is unencumbered by such human needs. It is unknown whether he positively wants to be known as a complete bastard, but his words and actions would suggest that he is at the very least not bothered. According to Bill himself, he wants to reduce the world's population by "as much as 15%" through vaccinations and "reproductive healthcare"[sic]. He also said that he wants to reduce CO2 down to "zero". Try as one might, it's impossible to see the upside of either concept. One also struggles to imagine how Gates thinks it's a good idea to make such statements publicly. Let's for a moment compare Bill Gates to Jeffrey Dahmer- The sadistic serial killer. Unlike Gates, Dahmer had the good sense not to voice his inner thoughts publicly. Having killed a grand total of 17 people, he had a much smaller body count than Bill, whose figures are unknown, but who in one instance orchestrated the injection of 24,000 impoverished little Indian girls without their informed consent, causing enough death and injury to prompt India's Supreme Court to banish his BMG Foundation from the country.

Charity Hilarity

Charity is that oft-used fantastically vague term which refers to some ill-defined good that will most assuredly be carried out by somebody somewhere in the most efficient manner possible, while achieving maximum value for money. It is customary when donating to avoid terribly rude questions such as- Which charity is this? Who exactly is doing what? How much are they getting paid? How much does it cost to run? Where are the detailed accounts? Are they doing anything wrong that we should know about? "Charity" provides a fantastic cover for those who wish to engage in all kinds of nefarious activities: Should you need to change a regime, just call USAID; If

you want to sway a national abortion referendum or publicly defend vaccine makers, just call Amnesty International Ireland. Want to kill lots of people or make them really sick? Call the World Health Organisation.

The number of international charities that actually do overall good has to be almost exactly zero- (*I've yet to find an exception, but do please let me know if you find one.*) It stands to reason then, that Bill Gates loves charities; So much so that he founded "The Bill & Melinda Gates Foundation" (BMGF), which donates vast riches to vaccine research- which just so happens to be Bill's new line of business; Gates' charities have a funny way of making his pockets bulge; He gets to use the word "charity" to promote his corporate and ideological interests- And all tax-free. The BMGF, according to that bastion of truth Winkipedia, is the third largest "charitable" foundation in the world, serving Bill Gates favourite causes: Gender Equality; Global Development; Global Growth & Opportunity; Global Health; Global Advocacy; Lucky old "United States"

gets is it's own listed category; Last but not least we have the "Small Charitable Sector"- which sounds like a slush fund for whatever expenses Bill needs to cover.

He seems to love that word "Global" for some reason.

Bill’s Ills

Bill has spoken at length about his tireless efforts to give away his vast fortune, but like a hapless suitor he just can’t seem to blow his load; That’s why he set up his Foundation- to selflessly throw money into the WHO and the Global Alliance For Vaccines Initiative (GAVI). At the start of the 2010s he called for a “Decade of Vaccines”, which, in an extraordinary coincidence, ended in 2020 with The Dreadful Disease; An ailment for which- thank goodness- Bill Gates just happened to have the cure. WHO'd have guessed it? His numerous successes are legend, but his failures aren't quite as widely known; One of his greatest being failure to score with women- as his ex-wife will attest; his second being his inability to become a pauper. According to Forbes magazine, Bill was worth $75bn In 2016, and by 2022 this figure had risen to $128bn. By any measure- A dismal performance- Just how did such an incredible genius screw this up so badly?

For those who enjoy schadenfreude, Bill Gates provides hours of entertainment. In his infamous 1998 Netscape anti-trust deposition, he claimed that he didn't understand what was meant by the word

"concerned" (in relation to the Netscape web browser's market dominance to the detriment of Microsoft's Internet Explorer.); The courtroom, allegedly smirked at his efforts to feign stupidity, as he was asked what he meant in an email when he talked about "pissing on" Sun Microsystem's software. The next day he defended his performance by arguing over the definition of the word "definition". Sound confusing? That's the whole point; And Bill never lost his touch- Years later on PBS Newshour, when questioned about his relationship with Jeffrey Epstein- (The now-infamous monster who preyed on children)- he stated that he "regret[ted] having dinner with him" (on several occasions). His reason for these meetings, he said, was that he was looking for donations to his charities. When asked what he knew about Epstein's background, Gates replied with a smirk "*well he's dead, so, ah, in general you always have to be careful*"; Then, panicking, he changes the subject with the remark "*ah, and, ah, you know, I'm very proud of what we've done in philanthropy.*"

Well, um… OK… Thanks Bill.

Bill's Dribbly Bibs

When we look at how Bill Gates presents himself we notice some very interesting patterns. During his Netscape deposition we see him rocking back and forth in his chair like a baby stuck in his high chair. When responding to difficult questions we see him making awkward movements with his arms and fingers while turning his head to the side as he looks forward touching his nose and glasses frequently. He forms an inverted-clown-smile to mask his intense discomfort. Bill, it would seem, isn't altogether comfortable in

his own skin. He seems to feel a constant need to devour his competitors who just happen to be everyone on the planet. Maybe that's why his hyper-competitive business streak has followed him since childhood. At age 9 he bought rights to his sister's baseball mitt rather than simply ask if he could borrow it; As an adult he tried to bully Paul Allen- his co-founder- to hand over 14% of Microsoft while Allen was fighting cancer. Perhaps Bill just wants to get his revenge on humanity for not allowing him to have his way, and feels we should all just give him a break and let him have his sister's baseball mitt the world.

Melinda's Makeover

As a response to his many public relations shortcomings, Bill very wisely revamped his image. This all happened following his marriage to Melinda French who worked him over extensively. The first thing Bill needed help with was learning how to interact with humans, which was never his strong point. A rich kid who wasn’t used to being challenged, Bill preferred the companionship of computers- For one they don't answer back and two they always do what you tell them. Melinda being very pragmatic, knew that her task wasn't to turn

her husband into a caring human being, but rather to give him the outward appearance of one. She made him wear pink and purple jumpers to make him look harmless. He lost the TV-sized glasses and finally got a haircut that didn't look like he did it himself. She also got him to tone down the gruff rhetoric and avoid talking about things like "reducing populations by 15%" or promoting *"death panels for the elderly*." To a certain degree this all worked fine and Bill began to appear almost vaguely human. He modelled himself as a kind of humanist whose sympathies are with the downtrodden. He bought tons of space in newspapers and airtime on TV where he could proclaim his undying love for his fellow man. He started to gain considerable following amongst the socialist youth of America who adopted him as a kind of goofy rich uncle who funded their favourite causes. However the ghost of Jeffrey Epstein just wouldn't let go, and his reputation tanked. Things got worse for Bill when marriage infidelities came to light and Melinda, now freeing herself from her obligations as Bill's minder, filed for divorce.

SÉAMUS Ó LAOI

WHO needs doctors?

Tedros Adhanom Ghebreyesus, the first ever non-medically trained head of the WHO and the first ever African to hold the post, is a Marxist-revolutionary-turned-totally-peaceful-bureaucrat who, like Fauci, shot to fame during the Great Panic Of 2020. This former Ethiopian health minister had all the qualifications needed for a leader of a pan-global centralised bureaucracy, which is to say he has a sterling track record for death and destruction. He has allegedly genocided many Amhara Ethiopians, according to filings in the International Criminal Court by US economist David Steinman; In 2017 Tedros was appointed as WHO leader in an "election"; that was termed "the most democratic process ever", the Chinese picked him to head the WHO, following the tenure of their previous plant- Margaret Chan (2006 - 2017). What makes Tedros so attractive to President Xi is the many connections he built over the years- such as Bill Gates- Who provides WHO's second greatest source of funding. Tedros, like Gates, also disseminates unsolicited medical advice. He is tied to the Clinton Foundation and the Global Alliance for Vaccines and Immunisation (GAVI), amongst many other organisations that are doing marvellous and important work.

"The best vaccination is to get infected yourself."

- Doctor Anthony Fauci- 2004

"*Herd immunity is achieved by protecting people from a virus, not by exposing them to it….Never in the history of public health has herd immunity been used as a strategy for responding to an outbreak, let alone a pandemic*."

- Tedros Adhanom Ghebreyesus- 2020

Global Health Is In Safe Hands

The World Health Organisation is an offshoot of the United Nations- An internationalist group spiritually guided by the writings of the late Alice Bailey- a self-proclaimed "white witch" who indulged in, and heavily promoted, the occult; She was also a big fan of Alastair Crowley, the Satanic leader and sex-crazed drug-addled bisexual paedophile. The Rockefeller-funded United Nations- One of those institutions which bears A Name You Can't Argue With™, is portrayed as the bringer of peace and harmony to the world, but is in reality- and this is no exaggeration- a death-cult. The UN's pet organisation, the WHO, was conjured into existence in Geneva 1948 by representatives of China, Brazil and Norway; The organisation's stated purpose is to care for the health of all humanity, though it's funded by eugenicists such as Bill Gates and the Rockefellers; The vast labyrinth of alphabet organisations that exist under the UN tent provide opportunities for malevolent characters to practise their Needlework. This is a classic pyramid power structure, where the people above get to crush those below. One case in point is that of Dr. Jean-Paul

Ngandu, the UN doctor who during an alleged ebola outbreak in the Congo 2019 got a young girl pregnant and then tried to buy her off with some land. A report into the scandal was commissioned by Tedros which concluded that, despite the fact that this was all completely true, further investigation wasn't warranted- The reason being, of course, that the girl *was not a "client" of the WHO*- which naturally makes it all OK.

Did I say "3.4%"?- Sorry, I meant "0.04%"

People love statistics when they support their argument, but resent them when they don't. Even the most supposedly intelligent amongst us were unable or unwilling to compare the picture of reality painted by the media to actual reality itself. In March 2020 Tedros announced that there was a 3.4% chance of dying should you catch the Dreadful Disease- meaning that 34 people out of every thousand infected should therefore be dead. The Plague was spreading like crazy and everyone eventually caught it, but people weren't dying like they were supposed to. (The common figure being mentioned amongst the sceptical-minded, I recall at the time, was something like 0.03+% for over 65s, but today I can't find reference to it anywhere.) Despite the glaring disparity, hardly anyone raised so much as an eyebrow- The lack of public response was truly bewildering. As I write this in September 2024, Tedros is marketing the next plandemic- This

time It's called "monkeypox", also known by it's cooler-sounding rebranded name: "mpox". It's all kicking off in the Congo- Videos showing children with horrific physical afflictions are being shared around on social media just like they were during the lead-up to the Great Tragedy. The question is: Will the mind-virus take hold this time? One thing is for sure: Tedros will do his best to please his Chinese masters; However, if they go full throttle again this time one would anticipate more resistance; The novelty has worn off; Everyone knows the Potion doesn't work; The side effects of the vaccines are more and more apparent by the day, and people are visibly uncomfortable at the mention of Lockdowns, masks or other measures. Most people want to forget what happened between 2020 and 2022.

Move Over Dracula

We humans are fascinated with bogeymen; Those mythological or historical characters who reflect some dark part of our collective psyche. They appear all throughout historical folklore. It seems like every era has it's own real-life arch-villain, whether it be Vlad The Impaler, Cesare Borgia, Rasputin, Hitler, Pol Pot, or more recently Tony Blair. However, there is one man of contemporary times who personifies the dastardly fiend archetype more completely than any other; That man is Klaus Schwab, founder and chairman of the World Economic Forum; A man with many extraordinary talents, one of which is not charm; For whilst Schwab is able to hold the corporate world in the palm of his hand, and many in that milieu hang onto his every word, he is otherwise an intensely uninteresting man. It's funny to hear him speak, because his manner is so mind-crushingly boring that you'd swear that he was putting it on. One wonders how he doesn't realise that the sound of his voice is akin to fingernails screeching across a blackboard. Age hasn't been kind to the professor. While photos of his youth depict a sprightly-if-plain-looking young man; over the years, his face has lost it's battle with gravity, with rather unfortunate results.

Klaus's fresh-faced wife Hilde has her own remarkable facial

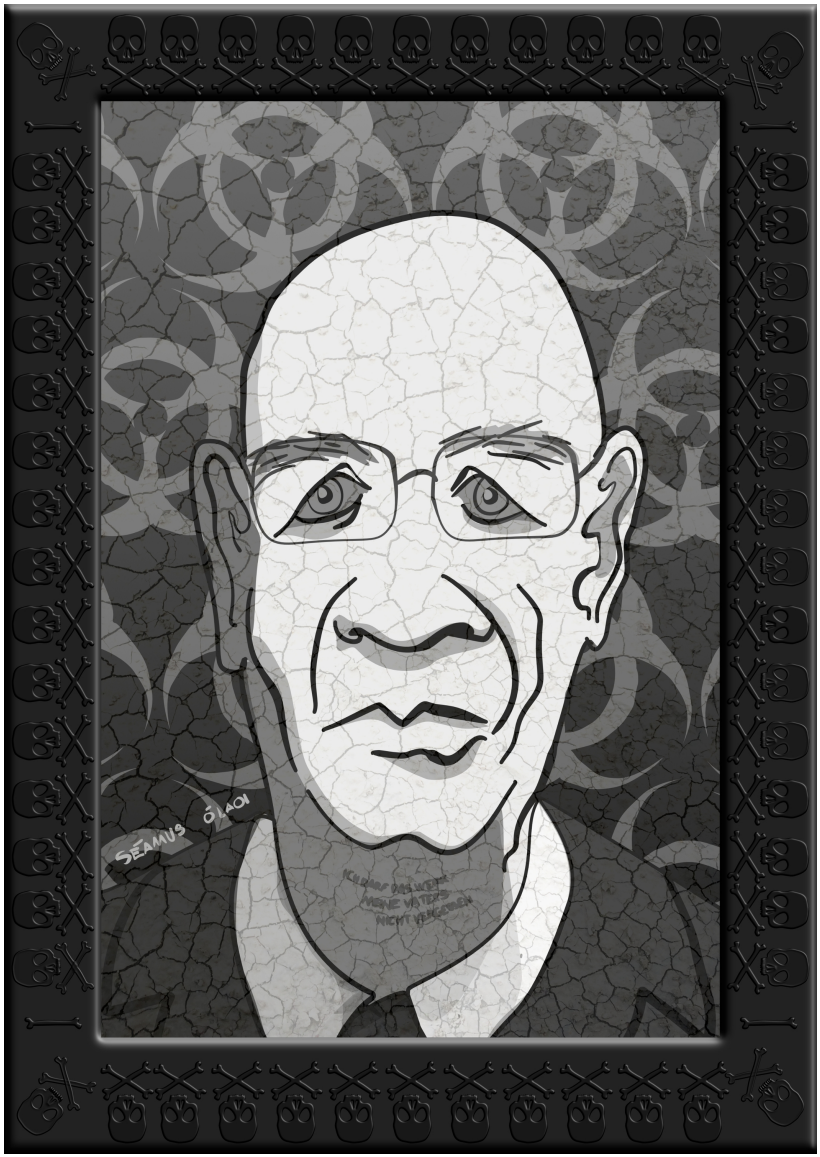
characteristics; Namely a spectacularly pronounced jaw which oddly complements her husbands striking features. Their 1971 wedding photo shows a youthful Hilde beaming from ear to ear, while Klaus is somehow unable to muster a smile for the occasion.

Sir Klaus Martin Schwab & The Sardonically Titled "World Economic Forum"

Klaus Martin Schwab was born in

Ravensburg Germany in 1938 to Eugen Wilhelm Schwab and Erika Epprecht. His parents had moved from Switzerland to Germany because his father was helping the Nazis build flame throwers. The young Schwab attended schools in Switzerland and Germany, eventually qualifying as a mechanical engineer. His thesis was titled: "*Der längerfristige Exportkredit als betriebswirtschaftliches Problem des Maschinenbaues* " (*Translation: Longer-term export credit as a business problem in mechanical engineering*)", which was reputedly a page-turner, though I must admit I haven't found time to read it. Klaus, despite his lack of personal magnetism, is a man of boundless ambition; It was his dream to create a gathering place for the Better People Of The World to meet other Better People so that they could discuss how to efficiently divide and conquer the World, so he founded the European Management Forum in 1971. Later it was rebranded as the World Economic Forum, which is funny because it has nothing to do with economics and isn't a forum. The networking initiative however, has been extremely successful to

the point that the WEF became a household name; Titans of industry, entertainment and politics fly to Davos annually on their private jets to congratulate themselves on hoodwinking, stealing from, and killing the Peasantry. As an added bonus, they get to pontificate about the size of their "carbon footprints"- Which are too complicated to understand, but are explained by The Science™.


SÉAMUS Ó LAOI
MEINE VÄTER
NICHT VERGESSEN

Globalism Goes Global

Schwab was yet another cartoon villain who shot to stardom courtesy of The Great Panic Of 2020. It was a kind of "coming out" for the once timid-looking son of a Nazi industrialist. Here he was, holding the good and the great in the palm of his hand- but yet for a man of such vision, it wasn't enough- He needed a bigger audience, and how much bigger can you get than the great unwashed masses? So, how does Klaus announce himself to the world? In the manner you'd expect:

> **"You vill own nussing und you vill be happy."**
> *- Professor Sir Klaus Martin Schwab*

To be fair to Klaus, this short phrase certainly grabbed attention; Uttered in his remarkably dull gravelly Swiss-German voice, these nine words had the effect of focussing one's mind; They raised pertinent questions such as: *Is this a joke?* and *What exactly is this freak on about?* Schwab says

he's going to introduce a scheme he calls "Ze Fourth Industrial Revolution", also known as "Ze Great Reset". According to Frankenstein we're all going to merge with machines and upload our personalities to some kind of supercomputer- which in Klaus's case shouldn't take long. Commenting on the Great Emergency, he mused how it was "a marvellous opportunity to reshape ze vorld." He couldn't hide his glee at the prospect of suicide-inducing Lockdowns; Klaus's fingerprints were all over the crime scene- The WEF were a major sponsor of Event 201 (See Introduction), and every corporation connected with them has profited enormously; Huge numbers of small businesses were shut down to benefit globalist hegemony. People were now living and working remotely, communicating via video chat. Meals were delivered to your door by sweaty cyclists. Only "essential services" were allowed to operate normally- These included hospitals, chemists, betting shops, liquor stores, big tech companies and of course, big corporations such as Guinness-Diageo. Independent businesses simply had to shut up shop or face heavy fines. Needless

to say, suicide rates spiked. The most important thing though, was that Klaus and his buddies made lots of money.

Klaus Und Der König (Klaus And The King)

The idea of ruling the planet has captivated men since the dawn of time; kings, queens, governments, financiers and industrialists; All have fallen foul of the Faustian bargain: *Your soul in exchange for power and riches*. Schwab's voracious lust for status drove him to score a knighthood from Queen Lizard in 2006. The king of England announced his "great reset" plan in June 2020 during a weird televised ceremony which featured a multi-coloured fleur-de-lis

projected over Charlie's head. Klaus and himself seemed to get on like a house on fire, which isn't altogether surprising seeing as they share such an interest in ending humanity.

SÉAMUS Ó LAOI

You Vill Own Nussing Und You Vill Be Happy

Klaus's PR advisors neglected to mention how telling the world that you're going to rob and kill everyone tends to make them rather upset. When the WEF launched a video titled "*8 Predictions for the world in 2030*", it included the aforementioned **famous nine words** floating over the image of a young man's smiling face. It went viral, and many commentators claimed that this

was incontrovertible proof of some evil plan to take over the world; Which, as it turns out, is correct. The inevitable blowback was considerable and so *the WEF removed the video* but by then the damage had been done. The internet never forgets, and the WEF are now stuck with it. Oh dear. They did try and limit the damage by making a light-hearted mea culpa video in response, but they only dug a greater hole for themselves which was quite funny.

Klaus’s Final Act

In April 2025 Klaus handed his mantle over to Peter Brabeck-Letmathe, former chairman of Nestlé, founder and Chairman of the 2030 Water Resources Group, which is the World Bank’s Department Of Ultimate Evil. Again, Peter’s got a million awards as you’d expect: The Austrian Cross of Honour, La Orden Mexicana del Aguila Azteca; La Orden Francisco de Miranda-Venezuela; Schumpeter Prize for Outstanding Contribution in Disruptive Innovation; Honorary Doctor of Laws, University of Alberta, Canada. Inducted into the American Advertising Federation’s “Hall of Fame”. Peter's a busy boy- Destroying humanity takes a lot of hard work.

Noah’s Ark Springs A Leak

Yuval Noah Harari is chief academic advisor to Schwab; An Israeli pseudo-philosopher-tech-guru, heralding the onset of transhumanism: That idea of transferring human consciousness into electronic devices where personalities can be altered, copied, stored, uploaded, downloaded, crashed, corrupted or deleted. This of course requires consciousness to be transferable to a digital universe, but Harari's audience seems to be unaware that these are the ramblings of a maniac who assumes that human thought is finite and can be run by algorithms on machines; Homo Harari is no more than a robot wrapped in flesh to serve the needs of the elite- We, the common folk, are mere crash-test dummies, useful for debugging the technology. He refers to us as "useless, worthless people" who should be given drugs or video games to keep us quiet so that we can live out our existence until death, or have our organs “donated” like so many Ukrainian war children do. You can see to look at him that Harari, for all his supposed superiority, would struggle outside the protective layer of his academic bubble. It’s interesting to note that eugenicists never include themselves amongst those needing to be culled; Just why is that? Hmm...

Harari gets plenty of media coverage to peddle his barmy,

untested hypotheses. Along with TED Talks presentations, he's been endorsed and interviewed by no less than Russell Brand, the well-known UK comedian and bisexual, inappropriately-sexualised-children's-books-author, narcissist extraordinaire and hypocrite who has recently found Jesus. People like Noah are attempting to write the Book Of The Future™; However, the future has a nasty little persistent habit of teaching harsh lessons to those silly enough to imagine they can control or predict it-

Sorry Noah.

Part 3: The Stories

My Original Sin

My trouble-making career started not as a teenager, like one would normally expect, but at the ripe old age of forty. I had long been harbouring feelings of discontentment about the government for the manner in which they were handling public finances- turning taxpayers into prostitutes for the European Central Bank, and I felt driven to take matters into my own hands; However, instead of blowing things up, I thought that communicating my feelings through public artwork might be a more reasonable approach.

It was 4am on Tuesday 29th May 2012 when I participated in my first act of rebellion. I was on Brian Boru Street in Cork City taping a giant stencil onto an ugly battered old hoarding which had been left there for a number of years. I wanted to express opposition to the forthcoming EU Fiscal Treaty, which was a promise to sell Irish children and grandchildren into debt slavery in order to save German, French Spanish,

and British banks. This was to be done in exchange for the warm fuzzy feeling of *pleasing our EU overlords*.

As I proceeded with my work, a police van pulled up, and out hopped a female officer who asked me what I was up to. I told her I was sticking up a poster. She didn't approve but let it go, and the van pulled away. I breathed a sigh of relief. Once I had completed the stencil I retrieved my spray-cans from around the corner, (sneaky, eh?) and started to spraypaint. I had nearly finished when a car pulled up and two policemen got out. One asked me whether I owned the hoarding. I admitted it wasn't mine. We had a brief conversation, ending with an instruction to "F*ck off", which I was happy to do; The sign was as good as finished, and I was tired, my nerves were shot and I was ready for bed. Whether or not my actions had any effect whatsoever is impossible to say, but alas, the Irish people caved to their masters, and the treaty passed with 60% approval. There had been talk of "giving it another go" should their efforts fail. That is how democracy works in the

European Onion: You're allowed a vote *as long as you give the right answer.* Otherwise, like a naughty child, you have to go and do it over again.

The Criminal Trash Collector

One of the greatest irritations during the Awful Scare was the ubiquitous plastering of wall-to-wall “safety” messages. There was hardly a direction you could look without seeing the all-too-familiar black-and-yellow signs and stickers plastered across every available surface: Walls, lamp-posts, vehicles, billboards, doors and windows; Not content with merely using vertical surfaces, the Guardians Of Health & Safety saw floors and pavements as another opportunity to remind anyone who may have woken up from a lengthy coma that they they were being ordered to stay two metres apart from other humans. No-one seemed to take exception to this constant mind-rape, and it occurred to me that the obvious thing to do was to remove the sticky pavement trash, which I did.

It was a Saturday evening in October 2020 that I was busily removing the large circular stickers that had been welded onto the pavements of St. Patrick Street. I really wasn't in the mood, but on seeing the plethora of irritating signage littering the place, my annoyance got the better of me. I was about a half hour into my task when suddenly a police car appeared, containing a sergeant and his accomplice. The Servant Of The People asked me what I was doing. "Picking up rubbish" I replied helpfully.

Not entirely satisified with my answer, they got out of their car, and Dirty Harry produced his notebook. He threatened to haul me into the police station if I didn't provide my name and address. Following a protracted negotiation in which I protested my innocence, I eventually gave in, and surrendered my ID. In the meantime, another car pulled up and out hopped two more Hoods; These were tough guys who seemed to be from Eastern Europe going by their accents. I asked them why they were there and they dismissed my concerns. It seemed like they were disappointed that I wasn't causing aggro, because they seemed to be looking forward to a good old punch-up. Eventually one of them asked the sergeant if he was OK to carry on without them, and he let them go. I wished them a pleasant evening as they got into their car and drove away, though I was still under interrogation.

The sergeant admitted that he wasn't sure what to charge me with; The best he could come up with was "criminal damage". He recorded my responses in his notebook and read them back to me. I signed the statement at his request. It was then that a red-haired pixie-like humanoid appeared wearing a black University College Cork tracksuit top. He smiled gleefully as he waved, to press home the fact that he was the guy who ratted me out- The Sergeant's wing-man confirmed this when I asked him. Formalities all done, the two policemen proceeded to their car. I suggested I'd better throw my pile of stickers in the bin as I didn't want to litter the place. He agreed with a half-smile. I left the scene

as calmly as I could but I was rattled by the experience. I called a friend to talk it over. He said that it was probably just an intimidation tactic. I felt a little better. No fine or summons was ever issued, so it would seem that they had nothing on me. I noticed no replacement stickers ever appeared in the street, so it's possible they realised it was simply unlawful to have them there. *The City council is, after all, legally obliged to keep their streets clean, and to prosecute transgressors.*

My Arrest

The only time in my life I've ever been arrested was by a shopkeeper. On the 15th of March 2021, I was walking home from town when I stepped into O'Donovans off-license on Summerhill North to buy a couple of beers. The manager requested that I wear a face gag and I told him that I had been advised not to do so. I knew he might bug me about it, but I thought if I could just put the right money on the counter and then proceed out the door with my purchase everything would be fine. However, he didn't see things my way, and felt it necessary *for health reasons* to lock me inside the shop and call the police; I was to be fined for the heinous crime of not damaging

my health. So the Defender Of Human Rights calls the police and claims I tried to beat him up- all while I'm videoing him on my phone- So, the police arrive, and instead of arresting the Dungeon Master- which I suggested, they demand *my* details. They somehow felt entitled to ask me who my doctor was- I responded with "Professor Kulldorff" "Where is he based?" they inquired: "*Harvard Medical School*" was my reply. Frustrated, they dropped their line of stupid questions. They told me to leave the beer and take my money, and that I was hereby barred from the premises, which was funny, as I hadn't planned on coming back any time soon. As I walked home, reeling from the shock, I was sure they wouldn't bother following up on such a dumb scenario, but I underestimated the level of stupidity that the state is operating at. I received a demand for €80 in the post about 6 months later. Acting on a friend's advice, I placed the notice back into it's envelope, sealed it, and wrote the words: "Opened in error. Return to sender." I popped it in the post box and forgot about it- until September 2022 when a summons arrived. I

thought about ignoring it, but on the advice of Tomás O'Riain- A Common Law enthusiast, I decided to mount a challenge. Tomás gave me three magic words to say: "*Gary Doyle Order*"- which when uttered, binds the state to produce evidence against you.

Terrorism Charges

Once upon a time committing a crime used to involve things like murder, assault or theft. Nowadays the law itself is often the victim. Such was the nature of the summons I received. It told me that I "entered or remained in a relevant premises" without a "face covering" and "without reasonable excuse" [for not wearing one]. The thing is that face coverings are dangerous to my health, so I thought *that* might be a reasonable excuse. There are many layers of legal argument even more fundamental than that, but they would fill another entire book,

and unfortunately I have to treat judges, lawyers and the police like idiots because they tend to get upset easily when forcefully challenged. Anyway, I knuckled down and prepared for battle; I armed myself with information about how court cases can be fought, and gathered my evidence. Part of my arsenal was an Irish government (Oireachtas) committee report prepared by Professor Carl James Heneghan, whose *totally-boring-show-off* resume reads as follows:

> *British general practitioner physician, clinical epidemiologist and a Fellow of Kellogg College and the director of the University of Oxford's Centre for Evidence-Based Medicine and former Editor-in-Chief of British Medical Journal Evidence-Based Medicine.*
>
> *Still awake? The point here is that the guy was qualified to speak on the subject at hand.*

In his video testimony the professor said "*cloth masks are worse [than surgical masks] and may actually increase the risk of infection. Therefore, that is why they are not recommended in hospitals or in health professional settings.*" If my court proceedings had run on long enough I could have used this, but as you'll see I didn't get a chance.

Aggro At The Abbatoir

Anglesea Street courtroom in Cork City was very busy that afternoon, prosecuting young lads- all tradesmen- for straying outside their playpens during the Great Incarceration, despite the fact that they were simply making a living, while providing crucial services to people in need. I had invited a few friends to come along to support me. We sat at the back of the courtroom watching this circus for an hour or so until eventually the judge called my name- She was a pleasant grandmotherly figure sporting a comfortingly un-posh Cork accent; But despite her benign appearance, she was unlawfully extracting money from innocent people. On hearing my name, I rose from my bench and started to walk towards the Pleading Spot. She tried to rush me a bit by repeating her question but I kept silent until I was in position. "That's the name that was assigned to me on the summons." I said. "This is a Covid case" she began- not bothering to read out the charge, which I thought was odd- "How are you pleading? Guilty or not guilty?" she asked. "I don't understand the charge." I said. She accepted my response and asked me to proceed. I then demanded a Gary Doyle Order- as mentioned previously- which requires the state to provide evidence, and which would result in the case being adjourned for some time. The state would then be obliged to prepare paperwork for me to

review at my leisure. She granted the order and asked me what I wanted to do next.

I asked whether the officer who had issued the summons was present. The judge looked to the attending sergeant. "No. He's not here." he responded. The judge asked me what my purpose was. "I wanted to cross-examine him." I said. She then asked me to proceed further, and just then, a couple of lawyers present in the courtroom chimed in, advising me to seek a strike-off (*as into dismiss the case*)- This had been my ultimate goal, but I didn't know whether I had gone far enough yet. I thought about it for a second and decided to go for it. The judge muttered something I didn't understand and much to my delight, declared a strike-off. I nodded in appreciation to the lawyers for their assistance and walked back to my friends Sean, Nikolai and John at the back of the courtroom. I shook their hands and invited them for a delicious victory pint in a nearby establishment. We exited from the court buildings like banditos riding out of town with the gold. It was a sweet victory.

The Prequel

The week before my court appearance, I attended a court session to get a feel for the place, and see what it's like to be in the hot seat. I sat for an hour in the benches as I watched various cases play out. They were mostly young guys who had been acting stupid, getting fined for drinking and fighting. Other cases involved robbery and fraud. The Irish guys were treated like bad kids while the non-Irish were treated like babies who had dribbled on their bibs. The fawning judge excused them for robbery and theft, after all, he said, they had been traumatised from their experiences in war-torn Britain or France (or whatever European stepping stone they had used); The Irish lads got fines and convictions, and I had little sympathy for them for being so dumb- but it was frustrating to watch the others get off with a light slap on the wrist.

As I sat there with my notebook, I started drawing a cartoon of the judge. Someone in the courtroom noticed, and informed him. He stopped proceedings to ask me if I was drawing. "Yes." I told him. "You know that no recording is allowed in court." he probed. "Absolutely" I agreed. He asked me whether I represented any organisation. "No."I said, "I'm just here to observe."He realised there was no more to be said, and went back to the important work of judicial discrimination.

What An Absolute Cult

One thing hit me like a brick as I sat in the court that day; It was the way the lawyers were falling all over the judge like he was some kind of demi-god. The entire courtroom was filled with people who wanted to ensure that His Majesty was happy. Defendants took whatever punishment was being dished out; Some of them even had solicitors, but they *still* got a conviction plus a fine, and also presumably a hefty bill. It seemed that I was the only guy who didn't care about how His Majesty was feeling as he sat there dishing out

punishment according to his own personal *and political* whims. A year later I talked about my courtroom experiences with a lawyer cousin. We expressed differing views, but we nonetheless had a civilised chat. It turned out that she had the same bizarre deference towards judges. Her time (that is- The judge's time), she said, was so very precious. Apparently, my time wasn't so precious. Silly me- I'd been under the naive impression that courts were all about justice and equality before the law.

What Happened To Dungeon Meister?

I don't know what happened to the shopkeeper-turned-epidemiologist. Was he fired for turning away customers and generally being a moron? I don’t know. I could have gone after him and his employer for damages, but I didn’t need the bother. Suffice to say I won’t be making any future purchases at O’Donovans Off License chain.

Maniac Behind The Wheel

Policies enacted by governments during lockdown seem to have been designed around the concept of *the more stupid and pointless the better*. The ideas they came up with were so mind-crushingly dumb that contemplating them for too long could undermine mental stability. It was hard to pick a winner in the Stupidest Lockdown Policy Competition; However, restricted travel zones were a prime contender. For certain periods of time people were required to remain within a 2km radius of their home. For other periods

of time it was extended to 5km. Police road blocks were deployed to enforce these restrictions, forcing traffic to form a queue in order to speak with the summarily-appointed health experts. Apparently there were acceptable excuses for wandering outside your playpen, but it wasn't entirely clear what they were or what distance was being applied to your allotted zone. Was it “as the crow flies” or was it by road distance?

Did the state-appointed cartographers use standardised methods or not? Allowance was made if you were the provider of "essential services" but it wasn't entirely clear what those were. Amazingly, it turns out, that large corporations like Guinness were exempt, and so their employees or agents could travel unhindered. Roadblock procedure was like a comedy setup; Motorists queued up to be asked stupid questions to which they would provide stupid answers. It was reasonable to assume that motorists were lying, but if their excuse sounded good, they were allowed to proceed. Nobody knew quite how one was

supposed to know whether a man was actually visiting his sick mother or heading down to a buddy's gaf for a pint. In any case, showing due deference to the government-appointed-interrogator seemed to be the main requirement for a successful interaction.

Dealing with roadblocks became an almost daily necessity. They could often be spotted well in advance, in which case a detour or U-turn was usually possible without drawing attention; But when it wasn't possible, I would have to join in the stupid quiz-show. If the Epidemiology Enforcement Officer was pleasant, I'd politely voice my misgivings and then tell them where I was going. If they were rude, I would act dumb. On one occasion I was questioned by a particularly enthusiastic knuckle-dragger. As I toyed with him, my young son blurted out that we were "going to the park". The man's face turned dark purple, and no doubt he would have relished the opportunity to dish out punishment; but there was a considerable queue of traffic behind us, so rather than risk a heart-attack he thought it best to wave us on. Me and the kids all had a good chuckle at what happened, and I gave my young son a brief tutorial on the merits of discretion.

My most eventful interaction with the Road Bandits came in late 2021, as I was driving with my son towards Glanmire village east of Cork City. We chanced upon a roadblock, with a queue of cars stretching three or four hundred yards. The road provided no escape options other than an obvious U-turn, which is what my son suggested. I agreed and turned the car around. We were so far from the checkpoint that I assumed we wouldn't attract attention. However, as we traveled back along the road, my son spotted flashing lights far behind us, and became upset. I told him not to panic and proceeded along like it was a Sunday afternoon until Dirty Harry caught up in his super-car. Being a cooperative sort of chap, I duly pulled in so he could come over and tell me what was upsetting him.

He approached as I rolled down my window, and he asked me for my drivers license. I asked him: "Can you tell me what I did that was illegal?" "I'll get to that later." was his reply. He asked me why I hadn't waited in line to beg for permission to travel. "I don't like going through checkpoints." I said. He wrote it down in his notebook and told me he'd be repeating it to the judge in due course. He checked my papers: tax, insurance and test certificate. All were clean- *Not that I'm proud of it or anything*; But he wasn't happy, as he now had no justification for stopping me- *If refusal to pass through a roadblock was against "the law", surely he could have charged me with non-compliance.* The Defender Of Justice seemed to be panicking, because he walked back to his car to phone Mummy for advice. After a brief chat, he returned to inform me that my crime was "dangerous driving"- incurring an €80 fine and three penalty points- I calmly said that he was lying, and then he made some remark about me not being a responsible parent, before heading back to his safe space. Interestingly he had forgotten

to ask me the all-important questions: *Where did I live? And where was I going?* Somehow the point of the whole exercise was lost- Or did he know it was pointless, except for the purposes of making a few quid for the courts and the insurance companies. The fine arrived about three months later, and I followed my usual return-to-sender procedure mentioned earlier- I didn't hear another word after that. I was relieved, but at the same time disappointed that I didn't get to cross-examine the garda in court.

Nutter Outside The School Gates

Few things have induced feelings of rage and anxiety more than arriving at my daughter's primary school in late 2021, to find I couldn't simply walk in to speak to anyone or get to my daughter. Signage stuck to the school gates warned visitors not to approach. I duly ignored them and walked up to the front door to try and open it, only to find it was locked. I pressed the buzzer and a woman's voice answered. My conversation with the secretary was brief. I was told that I was not allowed access to the school under any circumstances. The building was effectively a prison- however temporarily- incarcerating children, forced to wear filthy masks. My children knew about the hoax- I made sure of that. We doctored their masks, removing the inner linings so they could breathe as well as possible. Still, I wondered if I was doing enough to try and prevent this abuse.

I had to do something but wasn't sure what. I tried contacting the school to demand my daughter not be forced to wear the gag. They were unresponsive; Phone calls, letters, and emails- all

ignored. I had written to the School Board issuing a Notice Of Liability that any attempt to vaccinate my child would result in legal action for which each member would be held personally liable- The wording for the notices was provided courtesy of Dolores Cahill, Professor of Immunology who spoke out against the Hoax and paid dearly for it.

My response came in February 2022 when I stood outside the school gates with a large sign that read: "*MASKS DAMAGE CHILDREN'S HEALTH- IRISH GOVERNMENT REPORT AUGUST 2020*"- All of this was factually correct as outlined in the "Terrorist Charges" section above- I spoke to my daughter beforehand about doing this, and asked if she would be OK with it- She is a very brave and capable girl- even at the age of 12- She said she was in agreement, and so we were ready to go.

As I stood there on that cold morning in my coat and a cap, the headmaster (we'll call him Voldemort) approached and asked me to leave- He told me I was not authorised to stand there as it was school grounds. I told him that he was incorrect. He later requested that I move to another location. I agreed to cross the road, which ironically turned out to be a better vantage point. I was largely ignored by the robo-parents

dropping off their masked kids, though two mothers came over to offer support, and we exchanged details. I was hoping my ex-wife wouldn't see me when she dropped my daughter off- but I was rumbled. I showed her the sign as she looked on in disgust. She dropped off my daughter and left. My daughter and I had agreed not to speak that morning to avoid drawing attention to her. I had started my demonstration at about 8.20 and by 9 all was quiet. As I began to leave I nodded to V who was still hovering around inside the school grounds, and said with a polite smile "See you next time".

My phone rang about two hours later, and you'll never guess who it was. *Voldemort had all of a sudden discovered that calling me was probably a good idea.* He wanted to iron out a few things and I was only too happy to help. He asked me whether my daughter had been aware of my plan to terrorise the good people of Glounthaune. I said she was. He then asked me whether she was OK with it. I said that was confidential- He told me he had met with her mother in his office afterwards and they called my daughter in-

(which was inappropriate and embarrassing for her, but who cares about the child, right?)

He asked me why I was protesting. I said he had left me with no choice, as I had tried to make contact repeatedly - He told me that I had "*intimidated the children*"- Translation: *I had intimidated the parents, who didn't like the truth being pointed out in front of everyone-* He asked me to promise never to repeat my performance. It was such a dumb request that he had me kind of confused for a minute. Did he actually think I was that thick, or was he that thick that he didn't understand that he had no leverage over me? I don't know. Voldemort's parting shot was to warn me that should I do it again, he'd have "no choice but to call the authorities." I figured that he was well used to getting his way by treating parents like little children, so he couldn't understand why his tactics weren't working this time. I had dealt with him intermittently over four years- meetings, emails and letters- And knew what he was like. I hadn't intended to return for another protest, as I thought about

what to do next. In any case, by March the Great Emergency had been called off. We all breathed a sigh of relief but peace and harmony were not in prospect, as in a stunning coincidence, the new Emergency Du Jour had just been announced; This time it was the Ukraine War. The Covid Horse which had been flogged for exactly two years, was now truly dead, and the International Banking Elite were set to usurp even more power in their shiny new European Meat Grinder Project.

A Strange Portent: The Irish Hate Speech Law

There are few words that sound more lovely to the ears of an authoritarian than "*Hate Speech Legislation*"; To those who haven't read a history book or possess a basic grasp of political discourse, the idea of making it illegal to say mean things sounds like a totally worthwhile idea. The downsides of pursuing such an initiative are too obvious and too numerous to even

bother mentioning here. This book's timeline begins in November 2019- the same month that a group of objectors to Irish Hate Speech Legislation gathered outside the Irish parliament in Kildare Street. A friend and I were walking towards the gathering place when we were approached by a group of four men who wished to know our business. They were an odd bunch in their thirties or forties, one being quite short, two of medium build, and one other fit-looking chap who stood out with his pristine baseball cap and new clothes; He remained silent and stood at the rear, like he was observing- He might have been undercover police or military, which is common at such events- One of the three yobbos asked in his strong Dublin accent: "Are yiz lads against de immigrants?" I said "No, we're not." and this seemed to calm the agitated man; But instead of proceeding in silence, which would have been the sensible thing to do, I stated our opposition to enforced mass migration. This did not meet with their approval. The man stood in front of me again and told us that we were "foockin Natseez", to which I replied "You're the f*ng

Nazis here. Get out of our f*ng way!"- "Why what's going to happen?" he asked. I then gave him my best crazy-eyed stare and said: "You'll f*ng find out!"- This broke his concentration somewhat and he backed off. We continued on our way to join the crowd at the gates of that Great Circus (commonly referred to as "Dáil Éireann"), where highly-paid narcissists and worse come to argue about how to better rape the country. Across the street, behind a line of barriers and police were a group of counter-protesters whose aim it was to cause as much disruption as possible; If they could elicit actual physical violence, all the better. One irate gentleman amongst them, sporting a skinhead was wagging both of his middle fingers at us, snarling: "Nazi scum off our streets!" He wore a *British National Front* costume: Black bomber jacket, rolled-up army fatigues and Doctor Martin's boots. So, why was this Nazi shouting anti-Nazi slogans? It seems his NGO handlers just needed a photo of an angry Nazi to put in the newspapers- It didn't matter which side he was on- So that Middle Class Ireland could point to the photo as cast-iron proof

that Ireland was full of Nazis. The *don't-be-mean-to-the-government* bill was finally passed in January 2025, though in reality it may well have more bark than bite- We will see.

Part 4: Observations and Reminiscenses

Pub, Hotel & Restaurant Experiences Reimagined

I never thought in my wildest dreams it would be possible to successfully stop the Irish congregating at the local pub- at least without initiating a mass insurrection the likes of which would rival the 1798 Rebellion, or the Siege Of Drogheda. So, what did happen when the completely alien, unelected, mandate-free WHO-UN-WEF dictatorship told the Irish they had to stop having their pint and their craic?

Nothing

The so-called “Fighting Irish” had folded; Or at least the vast majority of them had.

Escape To Alcatraz

Prior to 2020, the idea of paying someone to treat you like a moron would have been considered a bit odd. The Great Emergency changed all that. You'd swear people had been secretly hoping to have orders barked at them; have their every move monitored; be told where they can and cannot stand; and be forced to divulge sensitive personal information. The dining out experience had been utterly transformed. The occasion began with queuing in one's "*bubble*" (or group) at a 2 metre distance from other bubbles, followed by writing

down your name and phone number on a publicly visible clip board, all whilst wearing a face mask, which hindered audibility; Consequently, much repetition was required in order to successfully communicate, which added nicely to the overall tension. The new rules of restaurant etiquette were numerous and fascinating. Staff who before now had neither medical nor law enforcement training were instantly transformed into Medico-Police. Rules were applied arbitrarily, or made up as the mood took them. It was like a real-life replay of the infamous Stanford Prison Experiment of 1971 which had to be abandoned due to the mistreatment of “prisoner” participants by their “guards”.

Standup Comedy

It turns out that The Plague didn't affect you when seated, but it did when standing up or walking, in which case a mask must be worn. Some felt the need to wear a mask whilst seated, only removing it to drink or eat. Watching the whole performance was spell-binding, and revealed hitherto unknown human traits; It led me to wonder whether humans really deserve the title of Apex Predator; because, let's face it: Rats and mice may live out their existence scurrying around on all fours in filth and decay, but at least they're sensible enough

not to interfere with their own vital bodily functions. Somehow, millions of years of evolution had provided rats with a robust immune system coupled with excellent survival skills and instincts; Sadly such was not the case for the ironically-named "*homo sapiens*" who had become the only species on Planet Earth too dumb to respire unassisted.

The Elitist Virus

One of the more brilliant ideas to come out of the great think-tanks of Leinster house during the summer of 2020 was the €9 Rule, which required that in order to participate socially during the Time Of The Dreadful Disease, a meal costing €9 must be purchased. It is not known how the virus knew whether you had paid for a meal or not, but evidently the government had that all figured out because of The Science™.

Hop Around The Shop

What could be a more enjoyable shopping experience than being told where to stand? Retail business and restaurant owners evidently thought this was a marvellous idea, as every single shop, bar and restaurant floor was littered with little signs telling you to do just that; There were also cute little arrows which told you which direction to walk. When you got to the counter, a plexi-glass screen helped ensure that neither cashier nor customer, who were both wearing face-gags could hear each other. Consequently, making a purchase could take quite some time. Security personnel were tasked with prompting customers to adhere to the latest health rules issued by Stephen "Humpty Dumpty" Donnelly, the Ex-McKinsey-CIA-Consultant-Turned-Irish-State-Enforcer. Shops, even those located in the back of nowhere displayed signs saying things like "Stay safe. Stay apart." This was important for health reasons, because everyone needed to be kept in a constant state of fear- Especially the elderly. Lab-rat signs were everywhere- Even on footpaths- for those queuing outside. I was busy removing such offensive items outside Cork City library when a "Karen"-type gentleman approached and asked what I was doing. "Removing litter" I replied helpfully. "You're some kind of asshole then are you?" he inquired. "Yes." I replied, as I continued with my work. He took

out his smartphone as if to take a photo, but after hearing my rather large friend speak in his heavy Russian accent, he thought better of it and slithered away.

The Great Toy Shop Massacre

Toy shops are not generally known as places for grown adults to pick fights, but again, Lockdowns made this impossibility possible. One fine day in 2021 my children and I were in town, and wandered into a well-known toy shop. I was wearing my favourite black T-shirt with the words: "JAB FREE ZONE" emblazoned across it in bright yellow letters. As we browsed around the back of the store, an African security guard approached and politely suggested I wear a cloth on my face, but I declined. He kindly offered to get me one of theirs. Again I declined, and he sensibly dropped the matter- When we found some things to buy, we made our way to the cash registers. It was then that a Concerned Citizen asked the security guard why I wasn't wearing a mask; making sure to say it loudly enough so that I could hear him. "What business is it of yours?" I asked, looking at the pompous, indignant, self-righteous pair of eyes glaring at me over his toxin-riddled face nappy. He muttered something intelligible, and I responded by calling him a "little shit"; I then went to the cash register and proceeded to pay the stunned shop assistant as the Masked Knuckle Dragger hovered in the background; Then, as we proceeded towards the exit I said that he was going to destroy his children's health. With that, we left the battleground and breathed a sigh of relief.

Catholic Mass Hysteria

You'd be forgiven for thinking that the Vatican™ was working for Big Pharma, because they couldn't have asked for a better champion than his late holeyness Francis, who told his flock that it was a moral obligation to get jabbed. It's been a while since I left the Church Of Rome, but during the Great Emergency I took my kids to a chapel in a place called Waterloo just outside Cork: Inside, the surfaces were Plastered wall to wall with Fear Porn; All done under the auspices of Holy Mother Church. They say that the pope is God's representative on earth; I wonder which god they're referring to, because it's certainly not a merciful loving god.

The Great Paper Chase

Have you ever wondered what society's first priority would be at the onset of civilisational collapse? We got to find out at the announcement of the Great Emergency. Turns out it's toilet paper; Water, food, shelter and gold may well be high-value commodities, but you can't wipe your arse with them. Voracious mobs armed with shopping trolleys raided supermarkets looking for all the Soft & Gentle they could find. The shelves were laid bare, and for a time, Squeaky Kleen™ looked like it might replace the euro™ as reserve currency. Personally I couldn't understand what all the fuss was about, as newspapers are plentiful; they have plenty of soakage, and God knows they're not good for much else.

Memes: The Internet's Own Art Form

Social media, besides being a surveillance mechanism devised by intelligence agencies, is ostensibly a place for the free exchange of ideas and opinions; Far from being a safe place for the faint-hearted, exchanges can be quite robust, so a thick skin is required. However the eternally offended, instead of taking the easy options like switching off their devices, or getting therapy, enjoy screaming and crying into their slave-phones about victimisation. For those of us who can stomach opinions we might not agree with, the internet holds a treasuretrove of entertaining images and videos popularly known as "memes"; These are designed to deliver concentrated doses of wit and sarcasm at the expense of the eternally "triggered". Lockdown Enthusiasts fit squarely into this category. The internet has set it's sights on these poor unfortunate creatures and it doesn't look like there'll be an end to the slaughter any time soon.

They were able to shrug off their adversaries during the Great Emergency, as their beloved media provided them with moral

fortitude during those heady days; But they are currently too distracted by other matters to provide them with psychological support. Thus, whilst the Potion Cult followers are many (or were?), they are now open to attack by marauding Troll Armies; Merciless savages who hold that one huge advantage their adversaries do not: The moral highground. Cultists had been riding high, spoiled and bloated by their ill-gotten gains, but a reckoning is now underway, and they will not be allowed to forget. Of course, the sensible thing to do would be to come clean, apologise and repent, but most will hold on ‘til the Grim Reaper comes knocking at their doors. In a video titled "Winning the meme wars" James Corbett of corbettreport.com outlines why Bill Gates is terrified of the Meme Lords, which is not terribly surprising, as miserable psychotic bastards are not generally known for their ability to self-reflect or laugh at themselves.

Socialism™©®- The World's Most Lucrative Business

When Karl Marx published his Opus Magnum "Das Kapital" back in 1867, I'm sure he wasn't envisaging an alliance between the Uber-Bourgeois and the so-called-Proletariat- When The Great Emergency kicked off, you'd have thought the Socialists would be on the front lines fighting their traditional arch-enemies the Megacorps, right?

Wrong.

The Great Socialista-Communist armies had inexplicably teamed up with Pfizer, Glaxosmithkline, Johnson & Johnson, Astrazenica, Moderna, Google, Apple, and Microsoft- You name it. The Commie Youth became their jackbooted enforcers, reveling in new-found benefits: Bucketloads of money and perks

that were showered on them by NGOs and enthusiastic government departments- Who were bought by- Guess WHO. So, as well as scrounging off the taxpayer, they could now help “Capitalists*” finalise their plans for world domination. They found courage that they never knew they had, to engage in all sorts of daredevil activity: Rioting, fighting, spraying graffiti, censoring online/ printed content, reporting "hate speech", and disrupting protests. Vast swathes of prime city-centre wall surfaces were generously donated exclusively for their artwork by local councils and property owners who had suddenly found their Inner-Comrade; The Children Of The Revolution couldn’t have asked for more; The Megacorp-State-Police Complex was fully behind them.

Governments Hate Speech

The Irish Hate Speech Bill- possibly the most draconian anti-heresy measure ever conceived since Pope Lucius III initiated the Spanish Inquisition in 1184- was introduced by a "conservative" Fine Gael party. The Middle Irish, who don't seem to know what to do with themselves since the British (allegedly) left in 1921, seem to be suffering from Stockholm Syndrome, and need to be oppressed in order to find fulfilment. Far from living up to their rebellious reputation, Middle Ireland has decided that watching telly and lapping up corporate-sponsored globalist pro-war propaganda is more important than holding society together. They have to be counted amongst the most politically naïve groupings on Planet Earth.

When, in November 2019, Fine Gael's opportunity to publicly argue in support of their new initiative presented itself, where were their supporters? Nowhere to be seen- Instead they sent their footsoldiers, the Hard Left/Right, to do their dirty work. The motley crew that had assembled to defend the government position outside the Irish houses of parliament consisted of Antifa Ireland (founded by convicted paedophile Patrick Corcoran), "Sinn Féin", the "Green"s, The Social "Democrats", "People Before Profit", "Trócaire"- (a Catholic charity)- and the Irish

Communist Party- that few had ever heard of. These Concerned Citizens didn't seem to get the irony of standing around on a cold November day in support of a "right-wing" Fine Gael Bill whose sponsors were too busy to turn up. (The Burkean pulled an interesting stunt in March 2020 to gain some interesting inside info about the Army Of Goblins.)

Dancing Doctors

Medical staff were so run off their feet during The Great Emergency that they couldn't cope, so what did they do to help ease the burden? The solution was as obvious as it was simple: Make Tiktok dance videos. These were watched by a worldwide audience too confused to understand what was going on. One might have expected them to see through the nonsense, but instead they reacted like trauma victims, quickly inventing justifications for what they were seeing. This doctor-nurse dance-craze initiative was also adopted by emergency

and police services; Wearing their respective uniforms they all participated in a bizarre ritual dubbed "*The Jerusalema Challenge*"- dancing to a track created by some talent-free producer called Master KG. Watching the official music video- It fulfilled all expectations, in that it was about as enjoyable as snorting sand. There is however one fleeting moment of interest: a creepy dancing clown which reveals a Masonic connection. The Irish TV version is jam-packed with occult symbols: X- shapes, six-pointed stars, ritual standing positions, hands by the sides, weird salutes, and bizarrely sombre faces behind the masks. It all closes with an image of Ryan Tubridy's head floating in the darkness, sporting a creepy smirk and a weird half-wink, which strangely looks like he has an eye infection. You'd have to have suffered a vaccine-induced stroke to avoid seeing the Occult/ Freemasonry connections. How did all these otherwise capable people get involved in this insane Babylonian ritual?

"It is difficult to get a man to

understand something when his salary depends upon his not understanding it."

- Upton Sinclair, American Novelist.

If you asked any one of them whether all this felt weird, they would have failed to grasp your question. Yuri Bezmenov, KGB defector predicted such an epidemic of insanity in 1984. He called it "demoralisation", where a society is taught to forget basic rules of reality- The only cure for this intellectual rot he said was to "unplug the bananas from your ears and open your eyes so that you can see." His words fell mostly on ears containing bananas, but he was at pains to point out that trying to coax a True Believer away from a Cult is pointless.

Sorry But Your Illness Is Simply Not Good Enough

Hospitals turfed out existing patients in preparation for the new extra-special-Covid patients, many of whom were elderly. They were given Midazolam or put on a ventilator with a "Do Not Resuscitate" order just in case they might have a chance of survival- Covid cases were quite lucrative as there was more cash thrown at the Dreadful Disease than any other. Heart attacks, strokes, and cancers were all considered inferior. Hospitals had become giant mausoleums where staff entered and exited through tent structures erected for dramatic effect. No-one knew what was going on inside because visiting was forbidden. Hospital staff were required to shut up.

Return To The Crime Scene

Down on Cork's North Main Street there's a run-down shell of a building that's ghostly quiet and barely functions these days as a shopping mall. I hadn't been back there since the Great Emergency, and I recently returned to find it ghostly quiet, except for a solitary African security guard pacing the floor, and an Indian shopkeeper tending his grocery store which fronts onto the street. Rollershutter doors block the entrance to what was once the Death Shot™ Centre where people came to injure themselves and their families. That was where, during the Great Emergency, three masked staff members were standing by waiting to greet new visitors as I passed by. They seemed a bit forlorn because business was slow, and the last thing they needed was someone to offer honest opinions about the Shot™; Naturally I couldn't resist, and I managed to strike up a conversation with the most willing of the three, who told me how some anti-vaxxers had yelled at her. I said that I disagreed with being aggressive, but that I had similar experiences to hers. Our exchange was brief but civil, after which I let them get back to their important work of maiming and killing.

The New Citizen Doctor Army

Several epidemics occurred in 2020- none of which were as advertised. Mass outbreaks of stupidity, anxiety, madness, satanism, suicide, and poverty broke out that year; One particularly frightful brain infirmity caused the victim to believe he or she was somehow qualified to dispense life-saving medical advice; Masked-up zombies were everywhere, intervening at the sight of the non-compliant. State Enforcers circulated pavements on bicycles ordering fresh-air-and-sunshine enthusiasts to go home and be ill. I remember the scene by Nano Nagle Bridge on Saint Patrick's Day in 2020 (which was officially "cancelled"), when Mobile State Enforcers told crowds of people to stop enjoying the sun and go home. The crowd reluctantly got up and left as ordered, but once the Enforcers had moved on, it took about five minutes for the area to repopulate with new sun-worshippers. It was heart-warming to see such non-compliance, and it made me feel like maybe there is some hope for humanity to survive The Great Plague Of Stupid.

Dr. YouTube™

YouTube™ had taken upon itself the task of dictating which medical information was correct and which wasn't. On Sep 3, 2021 a video uploaded by Irish barrister Tracey O'Mahony was immediately taken down by Susan Wojcicki's Woke Brigade; It contained statements from **9 experienced Irish doctors** who were rather sensibly advising parents not to experiment on their children. Ironically the aforementioned Susan who *was* CEO of YouTube until she died in 2024 aged 56 seems to have experienced the ill effects of the medical experiment she so vigorously promoted.

The Mysterious Case Of The Missing Cases

The public had developed a Pavlovian fear response to the phrase "***case numbers***", which ostensibly referred to the amount of people struck by the Dreadful Disease, but actually turned out to mean precisely *sweet f*ck all*. How did this come about? The good folks at the Mayo Clinic- A private US hospital chain- thought it would be a good idea to use the **Polymerase Chain Reaction (PCR)** test to detect the Plague, despite the fact that it's inventor, Kary Mullis,

specifically stated that's not what it's for. Unfortunately Mullis wasn't around to remind anybody about this, as ***he tragically died on August 7th 2019 from "pneumonia" aged 74***, despite the fact that he hadn't reported poor health.

Here's what he said about his invention, for which he won a Nobel Prize:

> *"If you can amplify one single molecule up to something that you can really measure, which PCR can do, then there's just very few molecules that you don't have at least one single one of in your body.... **It's a process that's used to make a whole lot of something out of something..... It doesn't tell you that you're sick**... or that the thing you ended up with is going to really hurt you."*

I haven't yet heard anyone explain why exactly Mullis was so fundamentally wrong about his own invention, but I'm all ears.

Moloch Returns

People love to congratulate themselves on how utterly civilised they are; Western society looks back wryly at those barbaric peoples of times past and muses at their backwardness. *Tsk tsk* we say *Look at those dreadful Aztecs, those Babylonians and Spartans; That scoundrel Abraham, the father of the three great religions who was about to stab his son through the heart- because "The Good Lord told him to"- until the Angel of God told him to get a grip. We humans, thankfully, have lost these ugly, primordial and animalistic behaviours; We would never ever indulge in*

something so evil as child sacrifice. Would we?

Yes we would.

Child sacrifice is one of those inconvenient historical facets of humanity that we'd rather keep locked away and out of sight, but, much like Jacob Marley's ghost (mentioned earlier) in Charles Dickens' novel, it returns to remind us of it's presence every now and again; just like it did at the Paris Olympics in 2024, when openly Satanic child abuse and sacrificial imagery was rubbed in our faces by the Masonic/ Kaballah/ Babylonian elite. Child sacrifice is represented in many forms in multiple cultures throughout the world. It is most recognisable to Westerners as Moloch, the bull-headed Semitic God of the Canaanites who demanded offerings of burnt children. In 2020 we witnessed the rise of a new kind of Moloch: *A Corporate-Pharma-Banking-Big-Religion-World Government-Fake-Justice-Military-Media Demon* who demanded human sacrifice- both adults and children- in exchange for temporary relief from *fear* of

the Dreadful Disease via the Magic Potion. Of course, we all know now that the Potion was in reality a Death Shot™ dressed up as a cure- which meant that we could participate guilt-free until such time as the truth came out, when we could then claim it wasn't our fault- *because we'd been fooled*. Moloch's "Safe & Effective™" Potion doesn't kill everyone that receives it because numbers must be kept at reasonable levels to avoid panic- but it is powerful enough to deliver excess mortality of nearly 20%- At least in Ireland. Governments, alerted by troublesome rumours have been "monitoring" possible links between the Potion and death rates, but they checked and can confirm that everything's OK, so there's no need to worry.

Phew!

The Problem Staring Us In The Face

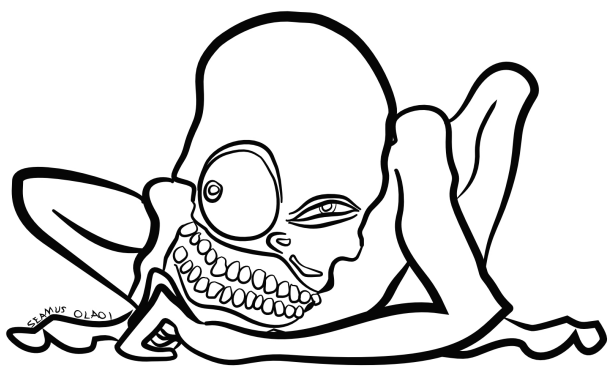
The Great Emergency allowed abusive parents free reign to do their thing. They were the ones whose children were masked up even when no-one else was looking. Besides making them breathe in their own lung waste and depriving them of oxygen, they were also ensuring brain development was disrupted by preventing them from reading facial expressions; And let's not forget the normalisation of abuse and deference to "authority" that becomes part of a child's mental landscape once such measures are introduced. Hopefully kids will recover from, and learn from the misdeeds of their parents.

Masking Humanity is a recently released documentary detailing the nasty effects of masking on the elderly.

Relevant blogs:
Unmasked

Dawn Of The Braindead

We don't often appreciate meanings behind the movies we watch. Zombie horrors, for example, are ostensibly fun gore-fests to be consumed like popcorn and then discarded without a second thought. In truth, if we look deeper there is a lot more going on; Their grotesque animated corpses represent those dark traits that lurk within the human psyche.



They are unthinking, unfeeling automatons who will destroy all that is good and healthy; Just like the creatures in the movies, their brains have been turned to mush; A hive mind with an aching desire to consume the living. It would be difficult to find

a more perfect analogy for the Covidian Cult™ .

RTÉ: The Relentless Transmission of Éxcrement

Never in the history of mankind has there been a more perfect mechanism for spreading propaganda than TV. When Scottish inventor John Logie Baird first demonstrated his device in 1925, it can hardly be imagined that his intention was to turn people's brains to mush; But just two years later, when the financiers of Hollywood first saw the electronic version

patented by Philo Taylor Farnsworth, they fell head over heels in love; Here was the most beautifully efficient device ever conceived for delivering messages deep into the human subconscious. It took almost 100 years to perfect their brainwashing technique, but when it came to selling the Dreadful Disease, the television made their job all too easy. This is the magick device through which the Irish people are still to this day being mesmerised by the "incredibly talented" people at RTÉ (Ostensibly referring to *Radio Teilifís Éireann*, but the above heading above is far more informative.)

Note: Following the unfortunate pay scandal as mentioned in the Ryan Tubridy section, the Corporate Governance Institute very kindly did a "Mazars Report"* which should put minds at rest. What they said was:

> *"Boards can't hope to govern an organisation correctly if they don't ensure accurate and thorough communication on*

every key issue. It can be incredibly difficult at times, but it is essential. Not asking the right questions or understanding the answers means critical information clearly passes by the organisation's top levels of leadership."

Thankfully, as this stunningly inciteful report confirms, there was no corruption or malice of any kind. *It was just a communication problem*. So now it's all settled, and we can go back to watching golf.

*The report says it's "strictly private and confidential" but it's on the internet, but it's only accessible from within Ireland/ Europe for some strange reason...

The Machine-like Efficiency Of Government

Even the most short-sighted amongst us will admit that, every so often, *the government gets things wrong*. Once in a while, government-funded broadsheets offer us reports on things such as *The [Bizarrely Evil-Eye-Shaped] Childrens Hospital Disaster*, to which we respond with mumbling words of disapproval, then promptly vote the same chaos merchants who stole our money back into office at the first possible opportunity. Voting patterns reflect the subconscious

admission that voters truly despise themselves and deserve to be treated like caged animals- *I'm too dumb to deserve anything better*- they tell themselves. We talk about our leaders being gobshites, and they are, but we know it's all done on purpose. They're there to maintain the existing problems and dream up new ones. How else are they supposed to expand tax revenues to benefit their overlords in the City Of London?

The Science™

If you're someone who likes to use the phrase "The Science™" with a straight face, by all means go right ahead- Just keep in mind that by doing this, you've proven *scientifically* that you don't know what science is (*or that you're lying*); And, just FYI the word has a small "s", and nobody owns it.

Also, just while I'm on the subject- Here's a further tip:

Should you happen to possess parchment which provides evidence that you have been awarded a "science qualification", then in the best interests of that noble pursuit, you should immediately oxidise it in a process known as "combustion", which requires achieving a temperature of between 218 and 246 degrees centigrade to successfully achieve ignition. This is best achieved using a cigarette

lighter, safety matches or a device known as a "Bunsen Burner". Once completed, you may decide to engage in a profession that more fits your personality and capabilities.

The Law™ Of Unintended Consequences

To "Chance one's arm" is a colourful Irish expression which means *to take a risk*, but it's generally used in the context of *fooling someone*. Those who engage in arm-chancery so to speak, are known as "chancers", and there are no greater chancers than those who deign to become politicians. The idea of handing over lawmaking capacities to such people is an act of unqualified madness. We somehow assume they have some special talents

beyond those of mere mortals, and that they are somehow endowed with extraordinary intellectual firepower. We would rather imagine these things to be true than to face up to reality. We dare not admit that these people who daily tell us what to do are clueless spineless morons who would sell their grannies for a ham sandwich. For an example of their fiendish handiwork, let's take a look at legislation pertaining to the wearing of face gags in Ireland:

> *S.I. No. 296/2020 - Health Act 1947 (Section 31A – Temporary Restrictions) (Covid-19) (Face Coverings in Certain Premises and Businesses) Regulations 2020*

I had the unfortunate task of having to read the contents of this legal document, and the arm-chancery contained within was quite impressive. The wording was quite possibly jotted on a napkin in the Dáil bar, whilst

smacked-out on coke. The document doesn't describe what a face covering is, or how it should be properly worn. It contains bizarre concepts like "*designated locations*" and it even has to admit that there are "*reasonable excuses*" for not wearing one. The practicalities of this legislation were obviously not considered, and it's quite possible that judges knew it was unenforcable, and were therefore only too willing to throw out a case at the slightest push-back- Unless perhaps the defendant was a high-value target of the establishment. When the police had the humiliating task of enforcing travel zones, they had no idea what they were in for. I'm quite sure their Irish police training at Templemore didn't include lectures on *How To Ask Stupid Questions And Listen To Even Stupider Answers*. Neither, I'd imagine, did they cover *How To Enforce Monumentally Retarded Statutes And Avoid Worrying About Being Personally Sued For Needless Harassment,* or *How To Make Shit Up When All Else Fails.*

Avoiding problems with "the authorities" isn't always as hard as we might think. I've

found that being even just a little bit awkward and clueless is really effective. As my good friend Colin says- “always answer a question with a question.” It seems to me that when people get crushed by the Sledgehammer Of Justice™, it’s often because they’re trying to prove a point- I can sympathise with the obsession for debate; but there’s a time and place for it, and it’s *not* when your opponent is unreasonable, unwilling to listen and has his boot placed firmly on your neck. An individual policeman might be a pleasant chap, but the act of donning the Enforcer’s Uniform can dramatically change a man’s attitude towards his fellows. A relaxed, polite and reasonable approach makes us much trickier prey for the State Vultures.

Keep Your Enemies Close, But Your Family Closer

Blood is thicker than water as the old saying goes; In other words, family members will always have our back; Its a lovely sentiment, but it also happens to be, in many instances, quite inaccurate; because when the shit really hits the fan, don't assume that

your nearest and dearest won't drop you like a hot potato. During the Great Emergency, Cult Worshipers banished heretics from their sight, regardless of relationship. Many couples suddenly found their marriages dissolving; People were disinvited from clan gatherings- *yours truly included*. My older brother who got scarring on his lungs and a freakish growth on his eyelid about two weeks after receiving his second hit of Potion, *asked me to take the Potion as a favour to him.* I'm still not sure what the purpose of this was. When I declined his kind offer of advice, he asked me why. I contemplated this for a minute, then gave him my most thoughtful response, which was:

"I don't want to."

Ursula's Famous Text Messages

Ursula Von Der Leyen joined our stellar cast of villains in the Great Tragicomedy Of 2020. As President of the European Onion, she "*accidentally deleted*" text messages which document her deal with Pfizer™'s CEO Albert Bourla that involved purchasing 1.8 billion doses of Magic Potion at a cost of €35 billion. Ursula, whose husband is Medical Director of Orgenesis, a cell/ gene therapy company *which does business with Pfizer*™, is so compromised that

even the European Parliament felt embarrassed enough to do an investigation; But not to worry- *"Transparency Commissioner"* Věra Jourová declared that Ursula is cleaner than a new syringe, so that's a relief…. That is, unless you consider the facts; in which case you would conclude that *since her husband makes money from EO deals over which she has ultimate decision making power, then* ***she is ipso facto compromised*** *and should be immediately jettisoned-* and that's even *before* we examine whole Pfizergate™ Scandal. At time of writing, Ursula's legal struggles are ongoing; She has a few more palms to grease to avoid doing time. As a horsey friend of mine once put it, *she has a neck tougher than a jockey's bollox*.

Much to Ursula's dismay, enthusiasm for the Potion has nosedived. In April '22 the Polish government "reneged" on their Potion commitments with the following sentiment: "Weź swoją szczepionkę i wepchnij ją do swojej", which, I'm reliably informed, roughly translates to: "Please store your vaccines discreetly in some dark cavern

within your person." In November 2023 Pfizer™ instigated proceedings against Polish taxpayers for being so unsportsmanlike. Even German officials flushed 203 million doses of Potion down the Havel (River flowing through Berlin). There also seems to be some confusion regarding the amount of Potion ordered by the European Onion and the amount paid for it; A May '23 Parliamentary Question mentions 4.6 billion doses costing €71billion, but trying to track what's going on would give you a Pfizer-induced Brain Stroke™. Only official members of the "Vaccine Contact Group" were allowed to see the full Pfizer contracts which are kept in the *"Classified Information Unit"* of Parliament. Pfizer even issued a questionnaire asking Parliamentarians why they wanted to know what's in the contracts, which contain confidentiality clauses. It isn't widely understood why such things would ever need to be kept confidential- but it's obviously something complicated to do with The Science™. Details, as you might expect, included the amounts of Magic Potion™ to be provided and the costs involved but they also detail how Pfizer™ is free to injure and

kill people without so much as a disapproving glance from Die Frau.

Defending The Science™

By January 2022 Pfizer's lucky streak had begun to wane. A Texas court told the Frankly Dodgy Administration (FDA) to release all of the Pfizer Potion safety test data within 8 months. This timeframe was a bit tighter than what they had originally planned, which was 75 (that's ***SEVENTY-FIVE***) YEARS. Why they needed all this time is unclear- Perhaps they didn't have enough photocopy paper or coffee machines; However, a quick gofundme campaign could have helped out the beleagured US government agency with obtaining the

necessary materials- All they needed to do was ask. Countercurrents.org reports that by November 2020 Pfizer knew from their test data that the Potion was going to kill a lot of people, but it didn't matter because governments had signed contracts to buy it and corporate contracts are more important than people- Obviously. For all they cared they might as well have been supplying rat piss. Come to think of it, that would have been far cheaper to produce and would probably have done far less damage.

Big Pharma Lives Matter™

Looking into the rich and illustrious history of big pharma we find Bayer, BASF and Merck, three German petro-chemical firms, who made experimental potions for the Nazis using slave labour (during the Second World Meat Grinder Project). Their guests at Birkenau, Auschwitz and elsewhere, were hosted free-of-charge in exchange for allowing them to gain valuable customer feedback. Bayer, being so very proud of their experimental lab achievements during the Nazi days, kept Fritz ter Meer (convicted of war crimes in

the Nuremberg Tribunals) on their advisory board all the way up to 1964. Another of the Big Pharma gangstas GlaxoSmithKline, based in the UK, has an impressive criminal rap sheet which includes marketing dangerous psych drugs to kids, and butchering people with their swine flu *Pandemrix* product. Governments the world over have very kindly granted Big Pharma a License To Kill™. Thanks to the largesse of their elected representatives, taxpayers have to shell out for Pharmageddon™, by covering for injuries and death that *they* caused. At the same time, if they happen to hit a home run with a particular drug, they make all the profits with *zero risk*. I'm not quite sure what you'd call this. Criminalocracy? It's kind of like going to a casino where you get free chips, and if you win you keep your winnings and if you lose, you just get more chips. This whole ingenious idea of robbing taxpayers to make big pharma richer started with an initiative called the "National Childhood Vaccine Injury Act." kindly signed by actor "Republican" Ronald Reagan on behalf of 244 million people, (as mentioned earlier). Like all the worst ideas, it sounds fantastic

but turns out to be quite nasty- paving the way for big pharma to get rich by killing people.

Another Potion Conspiracy Theory ?

Some people think that it's weird that the US Department of Defence bought 170 million doses of Magic Potion from Pfizer™ and Moderna (65 million doses cost $1.74 billion.) on behalf of the Department of Health. Debunkers everywhere are outraged at the DoD for carelessly allowing this inconvenient fact to remain posted on the defense.gov website.

Factcheckers™ Will Save Us From Conspiracy Theorists™

Researching the origins of the National Childhood Vaccine Injury Act, I found a link to the AFP Factcheck website which reliably informs us that "*The United States has the safest, most effective vaccine supply in history.*" and that the reason for the passing of the Act

was so that vaccine manufacturers, who kept being sued into oblivion for killing too many people could be protected from the ravages of justice by dipping into taxpayers' deep pockets. When "*Factcheckers*" claim something is false, it's generally an excellent indicator that it's true, and vice-versa. Take **factcheck.org** for example- probably the most popular claim-verifying website on the internet. The "*our funding*" *page states very clearly that they aren't funded by anyone*… that is, except Meta (Facebook), Google/ YouTube, and the Annenberg Public Policy Center (*an Elite Jewish philanthropic entity founded by the late Walter Annenberg- a highly politically motivated and well-connected businessman.*) Personally, I can't think of a better name for a website for raising suspicions of a cover-up regarding a particular topic than *factcheck.org*. You might as well just call it trustmebro.org, I.swear.im.not.lying.net or pleasebelieveme.com.

The Day The Music Tested Positive

Prior to 2020, I had been living with the naïve impression that rock n roll bands were comprised of rebellious and dedicated anti-establishment enthusiasts. My already waning delusion was well and truly shattered when, at the onset of the Great Emergency, celebrities, artists and musicians almost universally came out in wild, enthusiastic support of Lockdown and all that goes with it. *The more rebellious the brand, the more conformist the band.* Let's take

the most obvious example- Rage Against The Machine™; a band whose very name screams "Anti-Establishment", and whose most famous song "***F**k you. I won't do what you tell me***" has been the de-facto anthem for would-be anarchists everywhere. These edgy, loudmouth anti-capitalists turned out to be perhaps the most corporate-hijacked sell-outs in the history of music, when attendees of their 2022 concerts were required to provide Megacorp Experimentation Certificates™ in order to gain entry. This stunning move hasn't worked out too well for the band whose Rage is mostly Against The Critics nowadays. Another eye-popping sellout was Dave Grohl of the Foo-Fighters, who was interviewed by the Washington Post in 2022 to showcase his totalitarian credentials. He claimed that his requirement for all concert goers and band-members to take the Potion was his contribution to keeping them "safe". Professor Grohl clearly felt that treating his fans like lab rats was a good fit for his brand. The interviewer attempted to get Grohl to throw shade at the now-infamous dissident Music Legends Van Morrisson and

Eric Clapton for their fearless outspokenness against the Mindless Mob; But Grohl sensibly side-stepped this fishing attempt. Morrisson and Clapton had been amongst the miniscule number of rebellious artists in a sea of pathetic sellouts who have forever lost all claims to being edgy.

The Ministry Of Love™

Beyond it's pristine cleanliness and efficiency, the first thing you'll notice about Geneva, is just how impressively boring and unattractive it's built environment is; This dystopian-nightmare-esque cityscape is chock full of dull, impersonal glass-and-concrete Marxist "*International Style*" boxes of overwhelming proportions. The city plays host to many dictatorial influential organisations such as the WHO, the WTO and the UN, amongst many other ALPHABET gangs, whose command posts are to be found dotted like smallpox all over Geneva's

face; From inside their cosy offices, bureaucratic minions issue diktats for all humanity- which are readily accepted, because *no-one in their right mind could possibly deny the universal benefits of Diversity, Equality, and Inclusivity*.

Right?

When The Masks Slipped

Amongst the most unforgettable irritations from the Period Of Great Gnashing Of Teeth were the piles of used and discarded face masks scattered everywhere; Strewn across pavements, jamming up gutters, occupying park benches, window-ledges, and jutting out of overflowing bins; Remnants of humanity left behind by those of us *supposedly conscientious enough to Save Granny From Certain Death™, but not conscientious enough to avoid throwing unwanted infected crap everywhere.* How do we explain this contradiction? Were mask-

wearers just pretending to care when it suited them, and then were suddenly uncaring when out of sight? The UN, in it's infinite wisdom had conjured up yet another emergency: This time it was a Polypropyledemic™- (*A great inundation of foul-smelling green plastic that the masks were made of.*) In classic UN fashion, they bemoaned the Mask Plague that it had caused- and in their undying efforts to save humanity from itself, they published a fascinating paper in May 2022 entitled "*What can be done about the discarded face mask pandemic? An innovative engineering solution.*" The report gives the impression of something that was written by a couple of students at some UN conference who spent all of ten minutes writing down ideas that popped into their heads at the time. Of course there's no need to test the ideas put forth- Just quickly spend billions implementing them before anyone asks any questions, then apologise when it fails.

For Your Own Safety We're Going To Have To Kill You

The British Commonwealth, by all accounts wasn't a great place to reside during the Great Scare. According to the torrent of horrific social media posts that came out of Canada, Australia and New Zealand, it would seem that those places became hell-on-earth. Governments implemented draconian measures that could only be described as *unhinged*. Justine

Troudeau, Don Andrews and Jac' The Ripper Arden bludgeoned their populations into submission; They ensured that everyone was treated equally- Whether you were a grown man, woman or child; able-bodied or wheelchair-bound; pregnant or not, they would trample you into the ground with police horses, or arrest you in your pyjamas for suggesting that people meet up for a chat.

Being Dead Is No Excuse

Grieving is one of those experiences that we all experience at some point in our lives. It is a basic facet of what it means to be human. At times of loss we treat mourners with compassion and dignity, allowing them time and space to enable them to come to terms with their grief. There are also certain things we *don't do* during such times, such as annoy the shit out of people. However, yet again, this sacrosanct rule was written off; Mourners not only had to deal with the loss of their beloved Granny or Granddad, but were

required to keep two metres apart from family and friends. Funerals were not allowed to have more than ten mourners. Funeral directors prized apart embracing family members; and just for good measure the whole bizarre occasion was closely monitored on CCTV cameras installed at multiple angles in every place of worship. These were ostensibly placed there to allow non-present mourners to watch proceedings *in absentia*, but they helped maintain compliance with mandates. Presumably voyeuristic weirdos also got a kick out of watching this too. Those who dared to query the wisdom of treating people like vermin were swiftly reprimanded. Cork County Councillor Peter O'Donoghue of Kilworth had the audacity in March 2025 to ask for an independent inquiry into public health policy, and was told by his colleague Mary Linehan Foley (*Fianna Fáil*) that he ought to be a good little boy and shut up. Mary will no doubt have been awarded extra chocolate biscuits with her tea at the next political party gathering.

The Overwhelming Desire To Be Unimportant

Humans possess a burning desire to have someone tell them what to do; They pine for a leader to show up and bark orders at them so that they don't have the responsibility of making decisions for themselves. Once such a Special One has been found, they are promptly made king, queen or president, and people quickly get back to being oppressed. Western Man believes he is free, that is, as long as he keeps his head down and says nothing. Try as he might to ignore the feeling, he knows that things have been too quiet for too long. In addition he has become bored and disenchanted with his comfortable life; But instead of striving for self-mastery or fulfilment, he distracts himself with episodes of Love Island and live-streamed International Golf.

Rise Of The Neo-Snobs

The Controllers Of Planet Earth know only too well how Man's fragile ego can be manipulated and harnessed for their purposes. They know that he desires more than anything else to be admired and envied by his peers; He wants to own a slightly bigger house, a slightly faster car, or have slightly better holidays than the Joneses™. He also craves new and exciting ways to demonstrate his undying allegiance to whatever ideology-du-jour his peer group has adopted. In their pursuit of ever-increasing power, the Controllers Of The

Universe have devised the new Social Credit™ game- *Human Rights For All Except Certain People™ (HRFAECP)*, "*Certain People*" meaning those who happen to simultaneously fall into two categories: 1. They look Western; and 2. They disagree with HRFAECP principles. This game is quite simple: In order to gain Credits each participant must adopt human pets to be fawned upon and treated as Sacred Burden to be pitied, praised, and given other people's money and resources. They must be provided with free housing- but only in working-class areas, so that the MiddleClass™ don't have to gaze upon them, or worry about a drop in their real estate market value. This Orgy Of Virtue started with the Great Migrant Crisis Of 2015. These Neo-Snobs have since become disaffected, and are beginning to turn away from the Sacred Tenets Of Woke; Take Tesla™ electric cars, for example, which until very recently, had allowed them to demonstrate allegiance to the Carbon Dioxide Suppression Movement™; which is valiantly supported by the Rockefeller Oil Barons, who also fund the Adults Gluing Themselves To Paintings &

Roads Movement™. So far, no-one has thought about gluing themselves to a Tesla™; A horrific thought, it would nonetheless make for some marvellous entertainment.

The Intolerable Swedes

Sweden evidently didn't get the memo that everyone else had got- because they didn't lock down, or close businesses or kill the elderly. Therefore, according to the High Priests Of Covid, most Swedes should have died of the Dreadful Disease. However, rather embarrassingly, Sweden's experience demonstrates that the Great Incarceration was *entirely unnecessary,* as that country lost just about as many people per head of population as Ireland™ did.

Oops.

What's With All The Dead African Presidents?

Seventeen out of twenty-four presidents who died between 2020 and '25 were African. In May '21 the British Medical Journal posed the question: "*Why have so many African leaders died of COVID-19?*" The article provides several science-free speculations as to why this might be; Opinions that might as well have been written by Chat GPT, going by the level of

arguments provided; The same article goes on to provide personally-charged irrelevant comments about African politics, while carefully avoiding the mention of any unpleasant theories as to why the Presidents of Zambia, Tanzania and Haiti all *completely coincidentally* passed away following opposition to the Great Pharma Plan. Thankfully fullfact.org™ and factcheck.org, the ever-vigilant Guardians Of Truth™, were there to provide solid reassurance that nothing nefarious took place. Reuters factcheckers also chimed in with: "*No evidence five leaders were killed for opposing COVID-19*"; So, following their presidents' appalling dereliction of duty, surely there were death spirals in Zambia, Tanzania and Haiti, right?

Nope…. Oddly enough they were fine.

And in Haiti, where ***the president was assassinated in July '21***, *they did even better than Sweden*, with 194 excess deaths per 100K population. Africans' general lack of interest in taking Big Pharma products would seem to indicate that they are more interested in avoiding injury and death than

are their European cousins.

Part 5: Conclusions

I've Seen This Somewhere Before

As a child, I used to have recurring nightmares in which everyone in my family would disappear unannounced for reasons never explained, leaving me abandoned with the knowledge that they were keeping some important secret from me. I later realised this was my subconscious telling me that *most people are not to be trusted*- An insight which proved to be prophetic more than 45 years later when we witnessed the great mass of society turn on those asking

reasonable questions. As a kid growing up hearing all about the *heroic defeat of the Nazis* in 1945, I used to wonder about what it would be like if Stormtroopers had taken over my homeland. I've stopped wondering.

Would You Mind Awfully Not Oppressing Me?

Evil-doing comes naturally to governments- Like a kid in possession of a bar of chocolate, they just can't help themselves; A million forceful Brits marched in London back in 2003 but failed to halt Tony Blair's Death March To Iraq. History shows that those who seek power don't know when to stop; Elections are a cover story for plans that have already been

decided. The Fourth Estate, which is supposed to help mitigate the excesses of government, has long abandoned their post- Assuming they were *ever* truly acting in their customers interests is probably naive- The "*Global Ireland Media Challenge Fund*" which has recently been introduced in the Emerald Isle will ensure that no Irish broadsheet will ever dare challenge the establishment.

Option C

The Great Emergency gave rise to feelings of despair, grief, shame, guilt, frustration, bewilderment, fear, and, of course, anger. The last one is key, as it is the emotion employed to defend ourselves in the physical world; But there's one problem: Most of us are crap at expressing anger and often end up making things worse. Politicians and the Wannabe Masters Of The Universe know this very well, and play us like a violin. They'll stick some *rebel* on a podium as a lightning rod for our anger and frustration, and get him or her to rant and rave as we clap and cheer their every word- They tell us what we want to hear, and then lead us into the abyss. It's the same every

time- we get presented with a binary choice: Option A or Option B. We're trained to think this way, as it's been beaten into us from birth: Left or Right; Rangers or Celtic, Putin or Zelensky. We're never allowed to imagine the remotest possibility of an Option C.

Not too long ago I attended a rally to protest against porn books in children's libraries. (Funny how things change- Back in my school days they used to suspend you for having naughty pictures, and now they're on the curriculum. The protest took place outside the Cork City Library on Grand Parade. Police had set up crash-barrier zones for the Pro and Anti Groups (Note the choices A and B); The Pro Pedo side had got there first, bringing along with them NGO-funded banners, PA systems, musicians and loudhalers. The Let-Kids-Be-Kids crew took their positions opposite, and the two sides traded slurs and insults across no-man's-land, much to the delight of the mainstream press photographers standing by. However, rather than go to where I was supposed to, I calmly walked over and mingled with the Queers (as they like to call themselves), and

I asked a few of them questions such as: *What groups did they represent? And what exactly were they protesting against?* When they asked me which side I was on, I just told them I was a neutral observer. I let them talk without interrupting or trying to make a point. As I did so, I was blasted with loudspeakers in the face and ears by protesters incensed by my presence. All I did was smile at them- *I wasn't looking for them to stop- In fact they were doing exactly what I wanted, which is to demonstrate how batshit crazy they were- And, most ironically, how much hate they held for outsiders.*

Where was my anger? It was there alright, but I kept it hidden away. Showing anger is precisely what they would have wanted. Instead, I was allowing the Blue Haired Brigade to destroy their own credibility- irritating the living shit out of them, all without lifting a finger. Imagine if everyone on the "rationalist" side of the debate did this- No longer could the Professionally Offended claim they were facing up to *ultra-violent nasty bigot;* The only option they'd be left with is to go home and cry into their

NGO-funded soy lattes.

For Those Who Wish To See The New World Order Succeed…

Here are three simple ways you can help destroy humanity:

1.Stick to credit cards, and never use cash- This will ensure that the introduction of **Central Bank Digital Currencies (CBDCs)** will be all that much easier. Agustin

Carstens and the Bank Of International Settlements/ Vatican Bank/ Christine Lagarde will thank you.

2.Keep Voting- Help the system maintain the appearance of legitimacy.

3.Keep using Apple, Microsoft, Amazon and Google devices- Don't ask anyone about using privacy phones tablets or changing over to Linux Operating Systems.

Predictability Guarantees Defeat

If there's one thing the New World Order loves, it's predictability. If your opponent knows your game plan, they can *defeat you in a hundred battles* as Sun Tzu put it; And there is nobody more predictable than a man in the throes of anger, fear, lust or despair. Displaying strong emotions reveals exactly what we're is thinking, and at the same time indicates that we've nothing up our sleeve; Whereas being calm and reserved keeps our opponent guessing; Stoking their fears, and

prompting them to wonder why we're so calm; They start to imagine that we know something they don't. As we saw during the Great Emergency, it doesn't take much to confuse and frighten people. The great mass of humanity is highly predictable- Always going to the polls, or staging revolutions, or engaging in debates with people who just want to sap our energy. I know because I've been there.

Unpredictability Guarantees Options

There is nothing more unpredictable than a self-actualised human who has the ability to look reality in the eye without flinching. He or she is unfettered by the “normality” that plagues the common man. Self-reflection and change is bloody hard work, but it is worthwhile- And there’s no better way to defeat the New World Order.

Seamus O’Laoi
email: talesfromthelockdown@pm.me

About The Author

Séamus Ó' Laoi

Séamus Ó' Laoi A man described by many as "a pain in the ass", he has a habit of finding trouble whether he looks for it or not. Educated in a posh school in Cork City followed by a few years of college, he slowly realised that the upper middle class were full of it, that modern "education" is a way to subvert the human drive and imagination, and that our "trustworthy" institutions are corrupt AF and not worth maintaining.

Other than that, he's a happy-go-lucky sort of fellow.